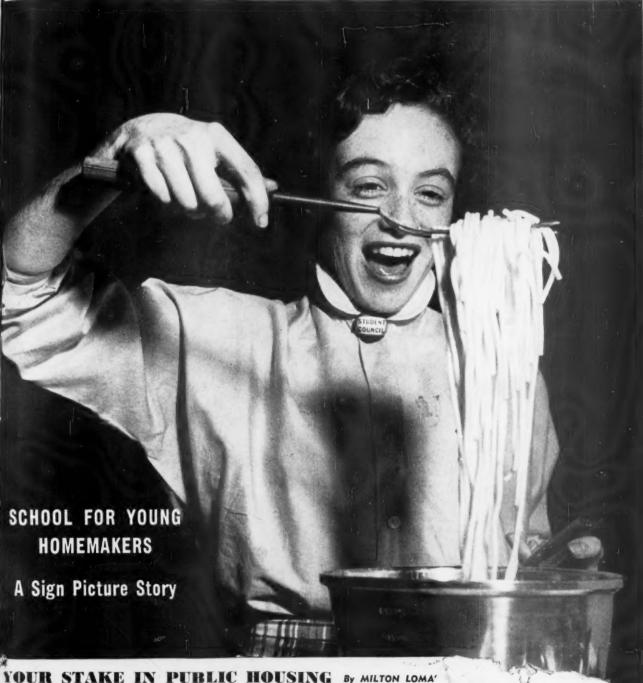
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Ultraconservatives (cont'd)

When you want to say that you favor a union "closed" shop, say that! Omit the uncharitable, unChristian, bloated plutocrat, lunatic fringe" part. Your readers are not likely to be fooled by your "party lines and slogans" either. That would indeed be "mental laziness."

Years ago there was "intimidation, vio-lence, and extortion" directed against the working men. Now these same tactics are used by labor unions against co-workers and employers. They smell no better. I cannot agree with you that such things are right because it is now, as the children say, labor's "turn." No matter who uses such methods, they are wrong and should be stopped. But we won't stop them. Not while we have men like you who are so busy holding a wake over the past that they can't see the present! .

JEAN ARIE BRITCHER

GREENLAWN, N. Y.

... I ask you, Father, for the good of America, for the good of Catholics, and for the good of THE SIGN magazine to make a more thorough study of this whole matter before you write any more editorials on "The Ultraconservative Catholic."

PHILIP E. O'CONNELL A CONSERVATIVE LIBERAL CATHOLIC So. WEYMOUTH, MASS.

In all my life, I have never seen anything to compare with this attack on Catholics by a Catholic priest. The text also shows an utter lack of understanding of the subject matter

For over ten years I have subscribed to THE SIGN and have given it as a Christmas gift for approximately the same length of time. I shall not renew my subscription nor shall I again give it as a gift.

MRS. F. J. MAHONEY

ELMHURST, N. Y.

I have been trying to stick to middle ground where the unions are concerned. At one time I was a unionist but at the present time am employed in a field as yet untouched by the unions so far as I know.

I am afraid that some of the things that are happening to my relatives and friends who have to deal with unions are driving me to the lunatic fringe of antiunionists you mention in your editorial for May. . .

As stated before, I am trying to see the unions with an unprejudiced eye, but it would seem that many of them are trying to outdo the old-time capitalist in highhandedness. What I have mentioned here is mild and deals only with the union's interfering with what should be an unassailable right in a free country. That is, the right of one man to hire another of his choosing and the right of a man to work

FEATUR for another if that man wants him as an employee. . . .

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LONG BEACH, CALIF.

. . . Perhaps I would have much more respect for the unions if the cards wen not so stacked in their favor. Let anyone complain about union abuses and he i immediately branded as being against the poor, poor, workingman. . .

It seems to me that some of our labor priests sometimes act as if they are priest only for the union leaders. Actually they are consecrated priests to act as interme diaries between God and all men.

I should think that they would be far more successful if they just stuck to the facts instead of trying to defend what is indefensible.

Praise labor leaders and businessmen when they deserve it and fearlessly castigate them when that is what is called for.

ROLAND H. LABBE

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

I never expected THE SIGN to stoop to abuse in a controversy as you do in the editorial "Encore for Ultraconservatives" in the May issue, in which you refer to those who disagreed with you as "the lunatic fringe of antiunionists." "Charity is patient, kind, and not provoked to anger." However, the use of such intemperate language clearly shows you have been hitt MICHAEL J. HOGAN PHILA., PA.

Today I have had the dubious pleasure of reading the editorial entitled "Encore for Ultraconservatives" in the May issue of THE SIGN magazine.

In rebuttal, I do not plan to use the shabby stratagem of unilaterally listing the excesses of unions in a manner similar to that which you employed in regard to management.

However, I should like to suggest that if you wish to continue living off the bounty of the American capitalistic system, you might heed the admonition of the gospel which you profess to teach:

"Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's; and to God that which is God's." PETER N. SAINT GERMAIN

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Someone recently sent me the March issue of THE SIGN and, upon perusal, I especially noted the editorial entitled "The Ultraconservative Catholic." While the purpose of the article appeared rather patently to be provocative, the lurking suspicion that there might actually be some people of presumed intelligence who actually believe such rot prompts me to reply.

The bigotry and intolerance of the so-called "liberals" among the Catholic clergy



July, 1955

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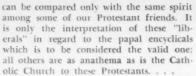
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MARK J. BACH, M.D.

MILWAUKEE WIS

One does not save his own soul nor win other souls to Christ by being a liberal, an ultraconservative, an intellectual, or an anti-intellectual Catholic. Let every Catholic be "conservative" by being temperate and "liberal" by being charitable. Being "intellectual" or "anti-intellectual" is nowhere mentioned among the seven principal virtues or vices, unless, perhaps, concern over such labels has something to do with pride.

I read quite a few Catholic publications and I am dismaved to see almost everywhere increasing disputation among Catholics over nonessential matters. My children know why God made them, but perhaps we "grown-up Catholics" are for-WILLIAM A. KELLY, M.D. getting.

PUTNAM VALLEY, N. Y.

I am enclosing a check for ten subscriptions to THE SIGN to replace the loss from readers who did not like the March editorial. "The Ultraconservative Catholic." Not long ago a group of priests, each a man of learning and influence. discussed this editorial and some readers' anti-editorial reactions. The conclusion was that the editorial was an accurate and much too kind diagnosis of a spiritual pathology prevalent among comfortable Catholics: its virus is presumption and its common symptom, frightened arrogance.

REV. JOHN P. MONAGHAN, Ph.D. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Thanks for your Editor's Page in the May issue. Hurrah for your decisive language, holding back no punches!

We office workers would be debased without the C.I.O.

Heaven help Reuther to "put some moral and human standards into the free market (MISS) A. MARIE HANNON place " CHICAGO, ILL.

Please allow me to convey my congratulations and appreciation for your comprehensive and stirring editorial. "The Progressive Conservative" in June's edition of THE SIGN. Undeterred by the storm of criticism occasioned by the "Ultraconservative" editorial, this message hit home the fact that a good number of Catholic brethren, well-meaning but unaware of the Papal plans for Christian social reconstruction, are contenting themselves with a marginal or a passive role in its realization.

Within the Church we have many excellent social forces which could correct this deficiency-Catholic colleges, labor schools, veteran's groups, the K of C, Young Christian Workers, Christophers, ACTU, and Newman Clubs, to name a few. Each pursues a different phase of the central problem, but I fear none comes to grips with the problem of the establishment of a nonpartisan, popular, educational, and action organization which could unite



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ROSE REFINERS 29-AB East Madison St., Chicago 2, III. Christian opinion behind the Christian ocial reconstruction program. I believe the situation calls for the launching of a Christian Democratic Union similar to those so successful in Western Europe.

The above groups, equipped with personnel and experience, could combine in one united front which could operate on parish, district, and national levels to enlighten and lead the Catholic "formalist" or "marginalist" to an appreciation of his duties. With popular support behind such a plan, the realization of the Christian sorial reconstruction movement could advance in greater strides toward its goals. The task of leadership. I believe, falls to the Catholic veterans, social, and profesgional groups who with the colleges and schools should sound the call-to-arms and rally the forces of Christian democracy.

DONALD F. BARRY

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It's a little late, but I have just finished reading, with admiration, your editorial, "The Ultraconservative Catholic." This article is thought-provoking for those Cathelics who think America should ignore the needs, hardships, and poverty of foreign nations. This type also resents the teaching and guidance of the Church on economic issues relating to labor and management. Why? Because their primary love is money and their consciences might start a turmoil to upset their soft living. To counteract their lack of universal charity they should study, with deep thought, the four marks of the Church.

Thanks for exposing Pegler for what he is, the enemy of union members. Far too many Catholics are misled by his poison pen.

As a Catholic, I am proud of your editorial and of my Church for teaching religious principles in economic life.

GAERIEL THOMAS PARRISH VALLEY STREAM, N. Y.

Concerning the ultraconservatives: unfortunately many Catholics fall in this class. To placate them I suggest that you stay in the confessional and turn the editor's page into a nice, sensational comic strip. In any age the gadfly is not popular.

J. MULDOWN

REDWOOD CITY, CALIF.

It is a constant source of amazement to see so many financially comfortable Catholics become angry and disturbed the moment they sense that someone is dissatisfied with the present order of things. They tend to identify present-day capitalism with Catholicism. Greed and acquisitiveness have never been Christian regardless of the age or system in which they have existed. Your editorial "The Ultraconservative

Catholic." as well as "Encore for Ultraconservatives," showed moderation and thought and that is exactly why it was unbearable for those to whom it applies. . .

CHARLES P. SMITH

BETHLEHEM. PA.

I should like to congratulate you on your very fine editorial in the May issue. "Encore for Ultraconservatives." for it was a masterpiece. It should greatly ease the mind of R. L. Davis whose letter in the

May issue was merely a conglomeration of meaningless words. . .

I do not know nor do I care how well educated Mr. Davis happens to be, but I am of the opinion that he knows little or practically nothing about the papal teachings on social justice; certainly he is not as well informed as a learned Catholic priest. . . . WILLIAM J. FLEMING CHICAGO, ILL.

Congratulations on your fine editorial. "The Ultraconservative Catholic." It is a touchy but timely subject. The author showed a truly courageous spirit and a level head in his comments. .

There's no danger of my canceling my subscription to THE SIGN. It's the greatest. WINIFRED EMMERICH

ELYRIA. OHIO.

Lady Angels?

I am glad some woman spoke up on the subject of angels, as my December article on angels had all the earmarks of being anti-feminist. Mrs. Burton, however, seems to have diagnosed her own situation when she suggests. "I may be way off theologically." Since it is a theological problem, ultimately the answer must come, not from what we think, or like, or are used to, but from theology. If revelation describes angels in the masculine, then we have no

Both the First Person of the Trinity and an angel are pure spirits. They have no bodies. Since they have no bodies, they are neither masculine nor feminine in our sense of the terms. But both the First Person of the Trinity and the angel have been revealed to us in the masculine. Therefore, it is wrong to depict the First Person of the Trinity as a woman, since revelation speaks of this Person as the Father. Likewise, it is wrong to depict an angel as a woman because revelation always speaks of angels as men, never as women or as babies. If our own ideas or those of artists do not agree with revelation. which must give way? My apologies to the ladies, but the feminine angels and the baby angels must go. However, it is not desirable that angels be portrayed as the heavenly counterparts of Man Mountain Dean. It is quite sufficient that they be convincingly masculine.

I second Mrs. Burton's plea that we pay more attention to our guardian angels.

KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.

DETROIT LAKES, MINN.

America's Shame

I'm getting tired of having the finger of scorn pointed at myself and my fellow citizens as in vour article "Escapees-America's Shame." Believe me. my heart goes out to these people in their suffering and distress after fleeing Communism. But the "key" sentence of the whole article was on page 22. Quote: "Even if the governments had been able to do so, they could hardly provide subsistence for escapees at a higher level than that of the least favored of their

Applying this statement to our own country, how can we dare take in one



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more refugee until all of our Southern Negroes, neglected Indians, and under privileged whites are better fed, better clothed, and better housed than any incom ing refugee would be? .

Perhaps Mr. Towle should recall the fable of the "killing of the goose that laid the golden egg." Here is one American who has not complained of high taxes, ha tried to remember that I am my brother keeper when charity drives make their appeals, but consider articles like his as a slap in the face for my efforts. I wonder how many others besides myself and my friends feel as I do?

R. Q. SUTOR

CHICAGO, ILL.

The key to the "key sentence" was in the preceding paragraph. The governments referred to were "Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, and Turkey." "These places of refuge already had great problems of their own in the matter of surplus population," The conditions in the countries specifically referred to were not the same as in America. Mr. Towle, moreover, was obviously condemning not every single American. It was rather a question of the goose that promised but did not lay the golden egg.

What we mean . . .

In the May issue on page 8 you say that "The Church lost the workers to a large extent in Italy, France, and Spain because it became identified with capital and the upper crust of society."

Of course this means "identified" in the minds of workers and not actually identified. However it is not entirely clear as written and I wonder if it might not be well to point this out, lest anyone get the impression that some actual identity was meant.

IOHN B. GEST

PHILADELPHIA 18, PA.

But the editorial meant actually identi-

Nurse-Midwives

We have received a number of very complimentary letters as a result of the article about our work in The Sign, and a few checks have come in also. Perhaps the most encouraging comments came from our own staff members, all of whom thought it worthwhile publicity. You did a splendid job with it!

SISTER M. THEOPHANE, S.C.M.M. DIRECTOR CATHOLIC MATERNITY INSTITUTE

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

"Tuesday's Children"

Have just completed "Tuesday's Children" in the May issue of THE SIGN.

Can anyone tell me what makes a 'tinker?" Is it bad luck or the tinker's fault? Is he to be compared with the mutt who bays at the moon? Mr. Macken sympathizes with his wife. If a tinker is irresponsible then surely his wife and children are worse off than orphans and widows. Of course it's 🥦 only fiction, and depressing at that, but a fiction story is usually based on truth.

MARY TERRA.

HIGHLAND, N. Y.



Garnish Your Best Dishes just the way the world's famous chefs do theirs . . . with Sexton relishes and pickles.

Here are but 3 of many mouth-watering Sexton delicacies that grace the tables of top drawer clubs and restaurants around

e corner or around the world. They can be had at better independent food stores.



John Sexton & Co., Sexton Square, Chicago, III



NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J

JULY

1955

Vol. 34



No. 12

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Four-Power Conference

O the Russians really want peace? Are they willing to make concessions in order to relieve present tensions between the East and West? That's the sixty-four-dollar question. Perhaps the four-power conference we're hearing so much about will throw some light on the subject.

It seems to us that there are three possibilities. One is that the Reds really want peace for the present. We can't be very sure of what's going on in Russia, but there are indications of internal weakness. Since the death of Stalin, the Red leadership has been divided and uncertain. No individual has made himself the undisputed dictator. The present leaders don't trust one another out of sight.

It's no secret that there is a serious farm crisis. Population has increased faster than food. To make up the deficit, the farm program needs more men, more money, more machinery, and more time. Then, too, all isn't well between Russia and the satellite states. Communism has been imposed from above but has never gotten down to the grassroots. If war broke out now, 90 per cent of the common people would favor the West.

Please note that we said the Reds may want peace for the present. We don't think for a moment that the leopard has changed his spots. The Reds change their tactics but not their objectives. If they want peace for awhile, it is for their own reasons. They may want peace in Europe so that they will be free to act in Asia, or they may think time is on their side and that they will be relatively stronger later. Then, too, it may be that they realize that their huffing and puffing frightened the West into creating Nato and admitting into it a rearmed Germany. Now they may try to lull us into a false sense of security by a hypodermic injection of peace talk mixed with sweet reasonableness and with an added dash of minor concessions.

The second possibility is that the Reds did so well at Yalta and Potsdam, where they took our shirts, that they are anxious to have another top-level conference at which they may get our pants too. We know what they want: elimination of the air bases that surround Russia, one-sided outlawing of nuclear weapons, a disarmed Germany, withdrawal of U. S. forces from Europe, destruction of Nato, discord among the Western allies, strife in the Middle East, conquest of Formosa, neutralization of Japan, and the removal of U. S. power from the Western Pacific.

In other words, they want the rest of the world set up like a sitting duck, ready to be knocked off with one shot. We don't think they'll get any of these objectives. President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles will be so conscious of public opinion in the U. S. that they'll hardly concede the time of day.

The third possibility is that the Reds like the idea of a four-power conference at the top because it will afford them a propaganda forum. They'll appear before the world oozing sweetness and light, offering peace and good will to all mankind. Underneath the angelic guise will be the tail and cloven hoof.

We shouldn't have too much difficulty heading off the Reds from any propaganda victories. Let's insist beforehand that they get down to brass tacks and discuss the issues that are causing the cold war. That's what the conference is supposed to be for, anyway.

WHAT are the issues? Here are some of the more important: Russian unilateral rearmament; the forced absorption of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia into the Soviet Union; the continued enslavement of the East European satellite states; refusal to permit reunification of Germany; the Iron Curtain separating the enslaved peoples of Soviet Russia and the satellites from the free people of the West; the Red rejection of all reasonable disarmament proposals; and the continued presence of the Red Army outside Soviet frontiers.

Our weakness, of course, is that we won't be dealing alone with the Russians. Britain and France will be there too, and they have a strong allergy for Red blandishments. The mere mention of the word peace, even by a Russian, seems to have a hypnotic effect on them.

We think it right to go ahead with the conference in the hope that some little good may be accomplished. But we should not expect much. We can discern Russian intentions more accurately by their deeds than by their words, and right now they are feverishly engaged in increasing their war potential.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



No Snap

Remedy

Canada has taken a laudable lead in encouraging immigration from Europe. These young people peering through the windows of a Cana-

Authenticated Photo dian train are among the 150,000 immigrants who entered Canada last year. Canada's welcome to migrants has made it a new "melting pot"

THE classic phrase of the 1930's was: poverty in the midst of abundance. It was used to refer to the spectacle of misery and unemployment in a nation so

Spot Poverty

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> potentially rich. The depression of the thirties is but an unhappy memory today. Our nation is prosperous beyond the wildest dreams of New Deal planners.

There is only one fly in the ointment. While the country as a whole is very well off, there are islands of poverty which seem isolated from the general flow of wealth. No matter how high wages and profits may soar, these areas are mostly untouched. Three of these islands may be pinpointed: submarginal farmers, industrial workers from depressed areas, and certain minority groups in our population.

While farm income as a whole has been decreasing, certain farmers are far worse off than others. Their returns were low even when total farm income was at record high levels. They have too little land, or too poor land, or inadequate capital. As a result, they cannot make farming a successful business.

In the industrial sector, there are the depressed areas of New England, hit by the southward movement of textile and shoe mills. There are also the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, and some of the bituminous mines as well. A one-industry area suffers when its sole support is removed.

Finally, there is the downgrading of minorities through discrimination and inadequate educational opportunities. Negroes, Puerto Ricans. Mexicans, and some Asians are often relegated to unskilled, low-paying work. The result is a concentration of poverty in areas where such minorities live.

T IS important to remember these facts when we read of income or unemployment statistics. Unless we realize what causes these ills, we may seek hasty and inadequate

remedies. The temptation for the thoughtless is to prescribe cures which may work for a general depression, but which

would be useless in these special cases. Price support programs, for example, have helped most of our farmers. But they are little help to those whose farms produce too little to take advantage of higher prices. These farmers need more land or more capital. If this is not available, they should have full or part-time work in industry.

Public works and government spending aided in cutting down unemployment during the thirties. But unemployment in one-industry areas calls for a different approach. New industries must be brought in, workers must be retrained, and some should be encouraged to migrate. Although minimum-wage laws and union demands have helped workers generally, they are only partial answers to the problems of minority groups. Here we need a direct approach to the problem of discrimination and inadequate education.

These grievous problems have been neglected by both liberals and conservatives alike in the United States. Both

groups feel that their measures for general prosperity will trickle down to our economic orphans. It is time to restudy this problem of spot poverty and come up with direct and workable remedies. The genius that has produced such fantastic prosperity in our land should be able to cope with this situation. The generosity which brings hope to many depressed areas of the world should also be directed toward the unfortunate in our own midst.

CALIFORNIA psychiatrist, lecturing on juvenile delinquency, meditates thus: Once upon a time, there was in the United States no juvenile delinquency of

Kids: Neuroties or Psycopaths

the big league caliber which afflicts us now. Children were taught more self-control. But, ah! This educational routine made neurotics of them. Then

came Freud and his disciples. These innovators pointed out -correctly, says the learned commentator-that discipline tends to scar the child's psyche.

They claimed that the young citizen should be given more freedom. The lid should be taken off his smothered spirit so that the flame of youth might roar under forced draft without any of the smoky backfiring which sears the tender soul. Freud had spoken, and it was done.

But what happened? asks the commentator. Kids turned into psychopathic hell-raisers, pocket-edition monsters, orin current rhetoric-juvenile delinquents.

And what practical measures does the commentator suggest? Well, there is no easy formula, he confesses. A search must be made for a middle ground between the older and the newer training techniques. A move toward the old may produce more neurotics. But it would blossom fewer psychopaths and criminals.

This analysis of the delinquency problem is, we believe, the kind of thing which invites a lot of buffoon references to psychiatry. For the analysis is pedantic nonsense.

HERE is no mystery calling for the services of psychiatry to determine the middle ground between nagging Junior into convulsive fright, on the one hand, and,

for Delinquency

on the other, holding his lolly-A Constitutional Basis pop for him while he stabs Grandma. Most American parents can steer smartly between the neurotic casualties on the

left and the psychopathic casualties on the right. They not only can. They do.

And most American children can refrain from puppysized mayhem without becoming nervous wrecks, just as they can fool around dressed like gunfighters without actually beating up the local cop.

The problem is not for interested parents or teachers to teach kids control while allowing them enough good fun. The problem is to prevent a lot of other citizens from teaching them uncontrol. For instance, comic book publishers, movie producers, and advocates of unlimited free enterprise and freedom of speech.

These are only a few of the groups who nowadays consider it not only a right but a civic duty to scuff as many juvenile and adult psyches as they wish, on the plea that somehow this social wreckage tends to preserve the Constitutional right to say and publish what you please, no matter

That is the real problem of juvenile delinquency. Not to teach one's children how to behave. But to find a wayunder the Constitution-to prevent muck-peddlers from teaching them to misbehave.

There is a tendency nowadays to interpret the Constitution as an instrument and defense of indecency. This tendency has shown up occasionally in official opinions of Federal jurists, in the activities of civil liberties organizations. and-but only as a consequence-in a lot of kids using heroin, killing neighbors, and raping the child next door,

The trouble is, ordinarily, not with the youngsters nor their parents nor teachers. The real trouble is that neither they nor their parents nor their teachers have any Constitutional protection against the money grabber or philosophical faddist who comes along and incites normal but immature citizens to the off-beat adventure of going to hell.

CCASIONALLY we are left wondering if American political virtue is nothing more than a contemporary accident, with no real root in the public conscience and

Sin in Texas no guarantee that the grossest brand of ethics will not prevail tomorrow or the day after. We direct you to opinions expressed recently to a Texas crime com-

mittee investigating state law violations in Galveston. Summarizing those opinions, the committee formulated the belief of the typical Galvestonian as follows:

Whether an activity is a vice is a matter of purely personal philosophy. A country that guarantees freedom of religion has no right to make laws about morals. Public opinion is divided as to whether smoking, drinking, gambling, and professional sex service are vices.

Doubling in lexicography for a moment, let us say that "professional sex service" is a smoke-screen phrase covering the general operation which involves pimping, maintaining a staff of girls under contract to sell their bodies to Galveston's male citizens and visitors, and the actual buying and use of this public service. Many local businessmen believe that such sin is highly conducive to Galveston's economic health.

HE committee's note about public opinion leaves us depressed. For, while Galvestonians may be jumping the gun slightly, they are uncomfortably close to the

Sin in the U.S. A. national average. A large area of American public opinion really approves by default such things as corrupting the morals of juveniles by assorted forms of

filth, including books and movies, and by condoning precocious experiments in sex.

A similarly large area of opinion approves of the marital infidelity which causes divorce and of the successive wifeswapping which is the essence of multiple divorce. To this might be added the popular tendency to glorify actresses who breathe the spirit of the bagnio into every sophisticated gesture and skirt-blown news photo.

This is actually the philosophy of a large percentage of Americans. But-as in Galveston-once it was only tacit, now it is professed. And this open profession is a vital element in the evolution of public degeneracy.

The evolution proceeds by these stages: First there is a tacit approval of vice. Then open approval of it. Then tacit approval of a larger area of tradition-busting. A few cycles of this ethical skidding, and a nation is competitive with such paragons of cultural decomposition as Hitlerized Germany, Communized Russia, and ancient Greece and Rome at the bottom of their orgiastic sleigh ride.

It makes no difference how democratic a nation may be, nor how ethical its original constitution. If public opinion, and not the moral law, calls the tune, that nation has no protection against decay. It has no guarantee, even, that its decay will not send up the ripest stench that has ever radiated from the historical exhumation of a political cadaver.



The passing nature of terror receives striking testimony from these unfinished monuments to Nazi power. Hitler planned them as a new

"Rome," center of his neo-pagan world. Today sheep graze placidly where he dreamed his dreams of power. Such is the fate of infamy



Associated Press
Giant metal planer for auto engines, which replaces twelve men, demonstrates perils of new principle of automation. Spread of automation must be controlled if workers are not to suffer injustice in name of progress



Senators Langer, left, and Kefauver, head of subcommittee investigating juvenile crime, look on as counsel points out stream of pornographic books emanating from one Baltimore firm. Adult delinquency breeds crime in young



Maryknoll's Sister Ann Genevieve wields a mighty brush for a good cause when strike threatened progress of new Queen of World Hospital in Kan-sas City, the town's first interracial hospital

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Betty Blair, a senior at Loretto Heights College in Colorado, joins in Rosary vigil for peace started by Loretto students. Peace depends on prayer as well as the works of men, on God as well as the U. N.

LEFT—Children provided a few humorous moments when they lined up to get their shots of Salk vaccine; but parents must realize that vaccine is a calculated

. Chances of getting polio are

still greater without injections



Gilloon



RIGHT—Post office-bound Henry Kram is one of brothers who built \$1,000 - a - day "religious junk" business on sentiment of Catholics. Such questionable operations are biting into legitimate Church fund-raising work



President Eisenhower congratulates Sandra Sloss, eighth-grader at J. Joseph School, Granite City, III., for winning national spelling championship. Sisters who taught her how to spell so well share her glory

Free Speech. The movie industry and the press recently increased their demands for freedom of expression, their resentment of the "intolerable straitjacket to stifle all creativeness." Their tone is lofty; their words are vigorous; their democratic spirit is deeply wounded. Yet one need but glance at the nearest movie ads or the handiest magazine rack to see how right Leo XIII was: ". . . lying opinions, than which no mental plague is greater, and vices which corrupt the heart and moral life should be diligently repressed by public authority, lest they insidiously work the ruin of the State." Reformation, like charity, should begin at home.

Out of Order. The American Society for the Study of Sterility recently approved artificial insemination as a "completly ethical, moral, and desirable form of medical therapy." This lofty and self-assured edict came from 500 medical doctors, who undoubtedly are as intrigued by and informed about sterility as they are unconcerned and ill-advised about morality. And the conditions that they decided make artificial insemination moral? Three: The couple's urgent desire; medical safety; a doctor's decision that they will make good parents. Simple. The same reasons could justify adultery or murder: we want it; we have the means to do it; we think we'll be better off. The good doctors have a right to speak of medical therapy. But they were a little heady when they lisped the words "ethical, moral."

Time of Decision. During the summer a number of high-school graduates will be planning their college careers. They and their parents will do well to consider the need and importance of a Catholic college and the real danger of a non-Catholic college to the average Catholic student. If they appreciate the meaning of the Faith in their life, they will not let material considerations take first place.

The Peripatetic Surveyor. No man is as fair game for an editor's remarks as the surveyor with his rapid pencil and quizzical smile. Even when the survey pickings are rather thin, editors find it hard to resist the surveyor's bait. In recent weeks, two surveyors set out special traps. . . .

What Do They Read? The first trap was set by a rank amateur at the survey game, a Xavier University senior in Cincinnati, but his trap was really baited. Applying the lithmus to 172 Catholic high school seniors on their magazine reading, he found 60 per cent who listed Life magazine as their favorite with other secular magazines following on its heels. Left in the dust were America, the Jesuit weekly, favored by four per cent, and The Catholic Digest, favored by three per cent. No other Catholic magazine was even in the running. The surveyor blamed the "poor quality" of the Catholic press; the local diocesan weekly blamed the kids' parents. Whoever is at fault, the students' apathy is a tragic gap in their Catholic education, worth more serious study by parents, teachers, and editors alike.

The Laity and Vocations. The second survey was more like an invitation than a baited trap. It was taken among the members of Maryknoll's latest ordination class. It concerned their families. The most interesting finding showed that the average young Maryknoller came from a family with seven children; not one of the young priests was an only child; several had ten or eleven brothers and sisters. Possible conclusion: Large families are the source of future priests. Item for those interested in vocations: Forget the drum-beating and vocational "gimmicks" and put a little more effort into the apostolate of encouraging larger, Christ-centered, Catholic families.

SENATOR FROM RHODE **ISLAND**

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by John C. O'Brien

John O. Pastore is the first Italian-American to be both a Governor and a Senator



TOHN O. Pastore is the first man of Italian descent to have become governor of a state and a member of the United States Senate. He became governor of Rhode Island, you might say, by accident. But it was not by accident that he was re-elected and later sent to the upper house of the national legislature. In the space of two years, from relative obscurity, he became the greatest vote getter Rhode Island has ever known.

Pastore attaches no significance to the fact that he is the first Italian-American to achieve national prominence in the political arena.

"My story is just like dozens of others." he told this interviewer.

In a sense Pastore is right. The story beat of the son of poor immigrant parents earning his way through school and entering politics is a familiar one in the last seventy-five years of American history. It's the story of scores of sons of Irish, German, and Scandinavian immigrants. What makes Pastore's story different is the fact that he is the first son of a nationality that is only beginning to emerge as an American political force to rise to public offices of first magnitude. As a pioneer, so to speak, he is in a position to set a standard for other Italian-Americans who may later seek high office. The Pastore standard is high.

Since he owed his chances to go before the electorate of his state to the Rhode Island Democratic organization, Pastore may be said to be the product of a political machine. But his code of ethics as a public servant is his own. Not even his political enemies have ever accused him of using public office to enrich himself.

When he first became governor he was living in a \$45-a-month apartment. As governor he continued to live in it. His wife had never had a maid and for some time as wife of the governor she continued to have no maid. At that time the salary of the governor of Rhode Island was only \$8,000 a year, much too small a sum for luxuries for a man who had a wife and three children to feed and clothe.

Again, during his first full term, a bill was introduced in the Legislature to increase the governor's salary to \$15,000 a year. At the time Pastore was urging salary increases for state employees and for school teachers. But he told the Legislative leaders that he would not approve a pay increase for the Governor if it was to become effective during his term of office. He said he would approve a bill that would make the increase effective in the next term, pointing out that then the people would have an opportunity in choosing their next governor to indicate whether or not they approved the higher salary. As it turned out the voters did approve; they returned Pastore to office by the largest plurality ever given a gubernatorial candidate in the state's history.

In the forming of a sense of rectitude in any man, there is usually a strong influence in the formative years. In Pastore's case, this influence was his mother, Erminia Pastore, a spirited, self-reliant woman who asked no help from anyone. During several years of widowhood she was both wage earner and housekeeper for her family of five children.

"Make people respect you," was her constant admonition to John and her other children.

The second of the five children born to Michele and Erminia Pastore, the Senator was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1907, in a four-room, \$22-a-month tenement in what is known as the Federal Hill district of Providence. His father, a tailor, maintained a workshop in the home. Later, as business improved, he was able to open a place of business on a good commercial street, but death overtook him not long after John had passed his ninth birthday.

After the death of the wage earner, it took the combined efforts of mother and children to keep the wolf away from the door. While their mother toiled at her sewing machine, Lucio, the oldest boy, worked in a drug store and John helped with the housework and the cooking. In performing these chores he manifested a passion for painstaking thoroughness which later was to mark

his work as a public servant.

For the Pastores, life became a little easier after Mrs. Pastore remarried. But young John still had to work after school and during vacations. He delivered suits for his stepfather, ran errands for a drug store, was office boy in a law office and a foot-press operator in a jewelry factory.

ESPITE these extracurricular activities, Pastore did well in school. In 1925, he was graduated from Classical High School with honors. At the time, Pastore says, his ambition was to become a doctor. But he realized that it would take money to pay for the long training in college and medical school, money the Pastores did not have. So this ambition had reluctantly to be put aside.

After high school, he worked as a claim adjuster for the Narragansett Electric Company, receiving the meager pay of \$15 a week. He might have continued in a clerical position if his mother had not urged him to resume his education in a night school. Pastore decided that if he could not study medicine, he would try the law. So in 1927,

JOHN C. O'BRIEN has for many years covered events in the National Capital for our readers. Mr. O'Brien is head of the Washington Bureau of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

he enrolled in the night law school of Northeastern University, then conducted by the Y.M.C.A. in Providence. Four years later he received his law degree and a year later he was admitted to the

A less propitious time for starting a law practice could hardly be imagined; it was in the depth of the great depression of the early 1930's. Not having the money to rent an office, he hung out his shingle in the basement of his home. But clients were slow in coming, so he turned to the possibility of using his legal and oratorical training in politics.

Pastore had no friends in the Providence Democratic organization, but he did know one of the local leaders, Tommy Testa, by sight. One Sunday he waited outside St. Bartholomew's Church for Testa to come out after Mass. With characteristic directness, he walked up to the leader and said, "I'd like to go

into politics."

Testa liked the young man's forthrightness and promised to do what he could. In 1934, Testa was able to get Pastore the nomination for a seat in the State House of Representatives, probably because more seasoned politicians had no desire to run in a district generally conceded to be strongly Republican. But Pastore surprised everybody by winning, and two years later he was reelected

The pay of a member of the Legislature was too small to live on and clients still were hard to come by, so Pastore was happy in 1937 to accept appointment as fifth assistant attorney general at \$3,000 a year. This job didn't last long, for the next year the Republicans captured the State House and swept out all Democratic officeholders. But when the Democrats returned to power in 1940, Pastore was appointed third assistant attorney general at \$4,500 a year.

In Rhode Island the Attorney General is not merely the legal adviser of the Governor but conducts criminal prosecutions as well. Pastore was assigned to the criminal work, thus getting his first real opportunity to prove his worth as a

lawver.

In the next four years he tried many locally celebrated cases and won a reputation as a "tough prosecutor" whose oratorical skill was persuasive with juries. Although he is small in stature-he once told a group of visiting German editors, "I am the smallest governor of the smallest state"-Pastore has a powerful voice.

One day a pretty young girl, strolling through the corridors of the courthouse, heard the booming voice issuing from the open transom of a courtroom. Open. ing the door, she was amazed to find that the owner of the voice was a natty little man, five feet, four inches tall, who paced up and down exhorting the jury like an evangelist at a revival meeting. Fascinated, she sat down and listened to the rest of the address.

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That afternoon, the girl went home and told her brother about the energetic prosecutor with the big voice. Next day the brother returned to the courthouse with his sister. At the first opportunity he presented her:

"Mr. Attorney General, this is my sister, Elena Caito."

On July 12, 1941, Pastore and Elena Elizabeth Caito were married.

T the time, Elena Caito did not dream she was marrying a future governor of Rhode Island and a future member of the United States Senate. While the Irish leadership of the Democratic organization had begun to recognize the importance of the Italian vote, the nominations open to Italian-Americans were usually for minor offices. Only one Democrat of Italian descent had ever been given nomination to a post as high as that of Lieutenant Governor. And this could hardly be considered a gateway to the Governor's office, for only twice in the state's history had a Lieutenant Governor become Governor.

So no one expected that Pastore would become governor when the party leaders decided in 1943 at a conference in a cemetery-the leaders were attending Decoration Day exercises at the Gettysburg Battlefield-to nominate him as running mate of J. Howard McGrath, then seeking re-election. The second job paid only \$2,500 a year and Pastore was reluctant to accept what then seemed to be an empty honor.

But Pastore's chance came in October, 1945, when McGrath submitted his resignation to accept appointment as President Truman's solicitor general.

Pastore was stunned. To a friend he later reported, "No man ever became governor under greater disadvantages. I was not only the first Italian but a nobody. And I stepped into the shoes of the great McGrath, whom everybody regarded as the smartest politician this state has seen.'

Outside of Providence, Pastore was, indeed, a "nobody"; he was virtually unknown in other parts of the state. Anticipating, however, the not too distant day when he would be running on his own, Pastore lost no time in getting acquainted with his fellow citizens, speaking to any civil, fraternal, or political group that would listen to him. Everywhere the voters seemed impressed by his earnestness and eloquence.

But he had had only a few months in office before election time rolled around in November of 1944. He had not had time to make a record, and when the votes were counted he found that he had won by only 22,000 votes, the smallest plurality in a gubernatorial election since 1932. Two years later, however, his plurality was 73,706, the largest in the history of the State.

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A second chance to step into the great McGrath's shoes came toward the end of Pastore's second term as governor. McGrath resigned from the Senate in 1950 to become Attorney General in President Truman's Cabinet and Pastore ran for the unexpired portion of McGrath's term. He was elected by a plurality of nearly 70,000. In November, 1952, he was reelected for a full term.

Both as Governor and as a member of the Senate, Pastore has sided with the common man. Basically he is a conservative but he believes, nonetheless, in social justice. One of his first acts as Governor was to espouse the cause of the miserably underpaid school teachers. He proposed an increase in the state's allotment to local communities sufficient to enable each community to raise the pay of each teacher \$600 a

The Republicans, who controlled one

House of the Legislature, gleefully proposed a state sales tax, realizing that if Pastore agreed to it, he might thereby write finis to his political career. The Democrats, who controlled the other House, favored the politically safer way out of soaking the corporations. Pastore realized that if the school teachers were going to get more money he would have to accept a sales tax and take the political risk. So he proposed a compromise -a one cent sales tax (the Republicans wanted two cents) and a 4 per cent tax on corporate income. In the next campaign, Pastore's opponents tried to make an issue of the sales tax. "Pennies for Pastore" was the way they described the levy. But the voters upheld their governor.

N the Senate he has voted against cutting down the public housing program, against cutting funds for public health, hospital, and medical care and medical research. He voted for a rollback of excessive prices and for imposition of slaughter quotas by the Office of Price Administration when beef was scarce and prices were skyrocketing. He has supported the Eisenhower Administration's foreign policy when members of the President's own party were voting against their chief. He voted against killing economic aid to friendly coun-

tries, against limiting the troops the President could send to Europe, against requiring India to repay in strategic goods the emergency loans of American grain.

So dedicated is the Senator to his duties that he thinks nothing of putting in from twelve to fourteen hours a day at his office. He has virtually no hobbies. Once he joined a golf club, but in two years played only twenty-seven

"It may sound corny," he says, "but my family is my hobby."

He has never moved his family to Washington, preferring not to interrupt the schooling of his three children-John, Frances, and Louise. All attend St. Paul's School across the street from the Pastore home in Providence. Every weekend the Senator goes home for a family reunion.

One Christmas a member of his staff, knowing that the Senator had given his young son John an electric train, queried, "How did your boy like the

The Senator hopped up from his desk, knelt down on the floor and showed how Young John operated the train. A moment later, he looked up sheepishly.

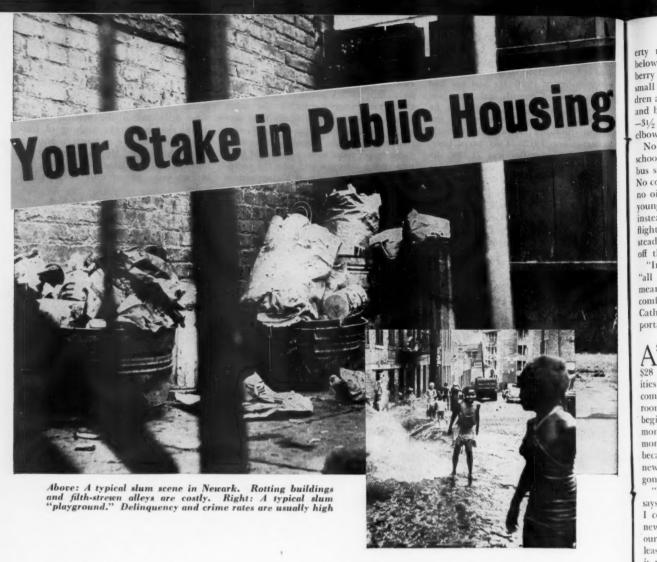
"Who got me into this?" he asked, "Let's get back to work."



LEFT—Senator Pastore, his wife Ellen, and their three children: Despite the booming voice through the courthouse transom, Ellen Caito never dreamed she was marrying a future governor and senator

BELOW-Kisses for the new governor were liberally bestowed by his mother and his wife when Pastore took over from J. Howard McGrath. A political "nobody," Pastore soon became well known





What does public housing mean to you? Maybe you're not interested in it. Maybe you object to it. But you do have a stake in it.

by MILTON LOMASK

NE summer afternoon in 1950 Sheila Daugherty, aged 41/2, went shopping at the candy store near her home in Newark, N. J. Crossing Academy Street, busy artery of a crowded and dilapidated Newark neighborhood, Sheila proceeded cautiously. Reaching the opposite curb and the store, she made her purchase-two cents worth of bubble gum.

It was on her way back that the accident happened.

Fortunately, the car that struck Sheila was moving slowly. Her injuries were superficial. But that evening, in his third-floor living room, Bill Daugherty, Sheila's father, paced the floor.

"We've had it, Jeanne," he told his stately young wife. "We've got to find a decent home for the kids. Somehow, we've got to get out of this lousetrap."

The Daughertys' "lousetrap" was a coldwater flat, five small rooms for which they paid a monthly rental of \$26.40. Plus utilities. Plus, in the cold weather, almost a ton of coal and twenty gallons of fuel oil a week.

In summer, the little windows let in a minimum of air and a maximum of dust and noise. In winter, it didn't matter what was done about the windows; the weather, snow included, came in anyhow through wooden walls rotted by age and vermin. Recently, the back porch ceiling, enfeebled by its first coat of paint in years, had fallen. With access to the back yard cut off for the time being, the three Daugherty children had only one playground-the turbulent city street below

The Daughertys had moved in following Bill's discharge from an army hospital in 1946. It was the time of the national housing crisis. Nothing else could be found. It took them four years, after Sheila's accident, to find something better. All over the city, again and again, they encountered one of the same two obstacles. The rent was beyond Bill's income as a grease "cook" at the Fisk Brothers Oil Refinery. Or the landlord permitted no children.

Finally, reluctantly, after long coaxing by friends, they left an application at the rental office of the Newark Housing Authority. In June, 1954, they moved into Apartment 5-C, Building 1, of the Archbishop Walsh Homes in the North End of Newark, overlooking the Passaic River.

Today, at the window of her neat and sunny living room, Jeanne DaughNo

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erty nods with pleasure at the scene below: Curving walks flanked by barberry bushes and California privet; small playgrounds for the smaller children among the widely spaced buildings; and beyond the buildings, a larger area -31/2 acres of baseball diamonds and clbow room—for the larger children.

No streets between Sheila and her school. Morning and evening, the school bus stops at the apartment house door. No coal to be lugged from the basement, no oil stoves to be upset by unthinking youngsters. An incinerator in the hall, instead of an open garbage can three lights below. A modern bathroom, instead of the dark and never-dry closet off the kitchen of the old "lousetrap."

"In short," laughs Jeanne Daugherty, "all the comforts of home—and I do mean home. We know, of course, that comforts aren't everything. We're Catholics. We've been taught what's important. But you know what I mean."

As for the rent: Under Housing Authority rules, rent ranges from \$28 to \$80 a month. It includes utilities and heat and is scaled to income without regard to how many rooms the family must have. In the beginning, the Daughertys paid \$62 a month for a five-room apartment. Six months later, they were paying more, because Bill's pay check, reflecting his newly found peace of mind, had already gone up \$42.50 a month.

"We don't plan staying here forever," says his wife. "Every evening Bill and I comb the real estate sections of the newspaper. A home of our own—that's our aim; it always has been. Here, at least, we can plan for it and save for it with a free mind, knowing that the kids are growing up in healthy and decent surroundings."

Archbishop Walsh Homes, opened in 1953, are one of eleven public housing projects built by Newark since passage of the original Federal Housing Act in 1937.

A twelfth project, Christopher Columbus Homes, is nearing completion. It is part of a still larger undertaking, a forty-million-dollar urban redevelopment program which is to be completed little by little over the years.

The redevelopment envisions three projects in one. The government-financed Christopher Columbus Homes will provide 1,556 apartments for low-income families. Its two neighboring projects, both to be financed primarily by private interests, will provide another

thousand units for middle-income families.

Eventually the three projects will cover a 46-acre tract bordering on downtown Newark. When all are completed, they will form a park-like residential area where only yesterday sprawled the jampacked wooden tenements of Newarks First Ward, once cited by a Congressional Committee as "the second worst slum in the United States."

Reckoned on a per capita basis, Newark's housing program, costing to date some seventy-five million dollars, is the largest to be undertaken by any city. Its benefits reflect the benefits public housing and urban redevelopment have brought to some 1000 American communities.

Like true love, its course has not run smooth. Critics of the program, mostly members of the local real estate lobby, have pinned on it an assortment of labels.

One is that it is socialistic. "As I see it," comments Father Thomas J. Finnegan, chairman of the board of the Newark Housing Authority, "this charge is groundless."

Father Finnegan is one of two American priests serving as municipal housing commissioners. The other is Father Leo A. Geary of Buffalo, N. Y.

"The provision of low-rent housing by governmental subsidy," says Father Finnegan, "is in line with Catholic social thought. Several popes, among them the present Holy Father, have pointed out that when private enterprise cannot or will not provide decent living quarters for low-income families, the government has the right, indeed the obligation, to do so."

ANOTHER objection is that public housing puts too large a tax burden on urban citizens. A recent editorial in a Newark newspaper concedes that the initial cost of housing projects is high but contends that in the long pull they "pay off in real dollars of savings and profits for the city."

Louis Danzig, executive director of the Newark Housing Authority, calls attention to the big redevelopment program in the First Ward. "In its slum days," says Mr. Danzig, "that area paid annual real estate taxes of only \$176,000. As redeveloped, the area's yearly real estate taxes will be in the neighborhood of \$615,000."

Under the law, for every new dwelling unit built with government aid, one substandard dwelling unit must be



Mr. Sivolella welcomes tenant



Mr. Danzig looks over plans



Cluttered doorway in the slums

Fr. Finnegan at new mailboxes



Father Finnegan of Newark is one of two American pricets serving as municipal housing commissioners. The other is Father Leo A. Geary of Buffalo

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eliminated. In other words, every time a public housing project goes up, a slum or a blighted area goes down.

"And every time you eliminate a slum," says Mr. Danzig, "you eliminate many hidden costs plaguing your town."

Slums require more police protection than other parts of the community. They require more fire protection. They make far heavier demands on tax-supported and private welfare agencies.

Who pays these extra costs? The slums can't, so the better neighborhoods must. Consequently, every city dweller and every suburban dweller who earns his living in the city has a practical interest in the improvement of its real estate. Driving this home is a national survey, frequently quoted by public housing advocates. It shows that in the average American city, slums consume 45 per cent of the local budget and account for only 6 per cent of the local real estate taxes.

STILL another objection is that public housing projects, because of their high population density, are breeding grounds for delinquency and crime.

"On that score," says Danzig, "the Newark projects speak for themselves. Their delinquency and crime rates are lower than those of the slums, only moderately higher than in the better neighborhoods."

At the Archbishop Walsh Homes, there are 2,070 youngsters under twenty. As of a recent date, only ten—all boys—were on the city probation list. "And none of them," says Project Manager Joseph D. Sivolella, "was apprehended for an offense committed on the project premises,"

Another case in point is the beforeand-after story of the Rev. William P.

Hayes Homes, a public housing project in the center of Newark.

The six-block area on which the Hayes Homes stand was known in the old days as "the Jungle." And Jungle it was—a tangle of rotting buildings and filth-strewn alleys.

Before the area could be condemned for slum clearance, the city health department had to make an inspection. In the first two days alone, the inspectors found almost 400 violations of the local building code, all but a handful traceable to owner-indifference.

They found open cesspools, leaky roofs, water-filled cellars, burlap-covered windows long innocent of glass. In one flat the occupants were maintaining a "night watch" rather than share their beds with rats. From another, the state had recently removed five children because the apartment had no gas and no indoor sanitation facilities. Ten families—thirty-six persons—were living in eight small rooms, their single toilet a wooden privy in the back yard.

In the old days, on the two business streets flanking what is now the project, the busiest spots were the Fourth Ward Police Precinct and sixteen gin mills. When the gin mill owners heard a project was about to replace the Jungle, they beamed. The ancient and woebegone buildings housed only 508 families. The towering apartment houses to come would house 1.458.

More families, more people, more thirst, more business, reasoned the tavern owners. Some began to spruce up their places.

They might as well have saved their money. Today, according to Mr. Danzig, they're still asking, "What became of our business?" The answer, in Danzig's words, is "it went thataway."

The increased population brought in by the housing development did not increase the local liquor consumption. "On the contrary," says Danzig, "it declined. It would. When a man can get decent living quarters for himsell and family, his tendency, nine times out of ten, is to do less of his living in the gin mills.

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"By the same token," Mr. Danzig goes on, "crime is less rampant in the area. It's not only the neighborhood liquor spots that are doing less business. The Fourth Ward Police precinct is doing less too.

"At present, each American is paying about ten cents a year for public housing. That's less than his contribution to the national fund for wildlife perservation. Wildlife's important. I don't deny it. But home-life preservation is important too."

Knock on any door in any of Newark's public housing projects and you quickly discover how important it is to the 7,382 families living in them. And by extension, to the some three million families in such developments the country over.

ARCHBISHOP Walsh Homes offer a telling example. This project is a pleasant looking place. Not long ago, a Newark salesman, driving by, noticed it for the first time. Parking his car, he hurried in to see if there might be a vacancy for him and his wife. He was disappointed and surprised to learn that he was in a public housing project and that his yearly income was far above the ceiling set for project dwellers.

ceiling set for project dwellers.

The Walsh homes are well maintained, reflecting the Housing Authority's insistence that "a project is only as good as the degree to which it is prop-



elly staffed and intelligently managed."
No antennae sprout from the roofs; all radio and television equipment is internal. No bed clothes flow from the windows. Huge banks of mail boxes in the restibules display scarcely a scratch. A single wall inscription—the only one noted in a tour of most of the buildings—announces that "Rodderigo loves Marianne."

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"Hallway surfaces are washable," miles Project Manager Sivolella. "The first maintenance man to see that will erase it." He will too, and quickly. In the course of one morning recently, the window of an apartment house door was broken three times—and fixed three times.

A bulletin board, off the big recreation room, is crowded with evidences of raried and constructive activity: News of the Photography Club, of baseball tournaments and roller skate contests; announcements concerning the Keep Well Clinic for Babies conducted at the Administration building by the City Health department.

Once a month the Tenant Association publishes a project newspaper. Twice a week, it sponsors a dance for the teen-

The project buildings stand on a 7½-acre tract between the Passaic and a spur of the Erie railroad. There are nine eight-story apartment houses, three three-story ones, and the administration building. The most striking feature is space. The thirteen buildings, sheltering 630 families, cover only one-sixth of the area. The rest is open, wide open, for winding walks lined with benches, for parking lots and playgrounds.

In the five months before the project opened, over 6000 applications were received and sifted. On May 1, 1953, the

MILTON LOMASK, former reporter for the New York Journal-American and other papers, is now a full-time freelance writer. He has written for many leading magazines.

cornerstone was laid by Archbishop Thomas A. Boland of Newark. The first family to move in were the Washingtons: Dad, Mom—and 19 kids! In a 7½-room apartment, at a rent commensurate with Papa Washington's \$4.200 a year as a bus driver, the Washingtons are doing nicely. The best they could manage before were six drafty rooms in a grimy industrial area.

Alfred and Mae Walsky occupy an attractive apartment on the first floor of one of the smaller structures. Their story is the story of a million marriages contracted in the shadow of World War II.

THEY met on a blind date in 1940. Shortly after their marriage, later that year. Al was called into the Army. It was not until 1945, after his discharge, that the Walskys could get down to the serious business of building their life together.

Like Bill and Jeanne Daugherty, they had to settle in the beginning for something short of their dream house. "Never mind. Hon," said Al Walsky as they moved into a dingy, four-room coldwater one morning in 1945, "I'll have us out of this in nothing flat."

Nothing flat turned out to be eight long years. Ambitious and determined, Al tried his hand at various things. Finally, he landed his present job—selling commercial properties for a real estate brokerage.

Three boys were born, and with each addition the Walskys grew more desperate. One room of their flat proved

too damp to use. The other three were dark, requiring electricity all day long. The single window of the bedroom overlooked a bank of open garbage cans used by a big fruit store across the alley.

"To say that we looked for something else," says pretty, dark-eyed Mae Walsky, "is to put it mildly. We tramped the streets. Many times we considered moving to another town, but when 'you're just getting started, moving money is hard to come by."

On July 4, 1958, came a telegram, informing the Walskys they could have a five-room apartment in the Archbishop Walsh Homes. "It was my birthday," says Mae. "Believe me, that telegram was the nicest present I got."

The apartment walls at Archbishop Walsh are done in pastels to get away from what Housing Authority heads call "institutional brown." Mae Walsky's modern furniture looks at once comfortable and exciting against rich canyon rose.

Next door, her friend, Mrs. Peter Lombardi, goes in for period furniture. "Mae and I have a sort of little rivalry about the furniture," she says. Rose Lombardi is a bright-eyed, vigorous young woman, proud of her shining-clean apartment, proud of her three children, proud of her handsome, house-painter-husband.

Her story—hers and Pete's? Much like the Walskys, with a familiar variation. Before moving into Archbishop Walsh Homes, Rose and Pete had to double up with Pete's folks.

"We got along fine, too," says Rose cheerfully. "I'm crazy about Pete's family and they're crazy about me, if I do say so as shouldn't. But with only four small rooms and seven of us, and some-

(Continued on page 71)



Mrs. Rose Lombardi and her son Peter, 3rd. She shows the joy of having her own apartment



Mrs. Washington and four of her nineteen children. They were first to enter Archbishop Walsh Homes

N



AT SEA, it is difficult to distinguish the priest from the fisherman. Father Dominique, in slicker, does his share of the work of hauling in a very heavy catch

PHO



BELOW DECKS, Father Dominique shares a smoke with seaman. Priest sees nothing strange about his apostolate: "After all, St. Peter wasn't a bad fisherman himself"

The Fishing Priests of Boulognesur-Mer

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEES SCHERER

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER is a French fishing village in the Province of Artois. Set on the rim of France, thirty miles across the Channel from Dover, England, Boulogne-sur-Mer for centuries has sent its men down to sea to earn their daily bread fishing the Channel's waters. Today, when the men sail out in their small fishing smacks, with them go the priests of the French Mission-sur-Mer, seven hardy Franciscan friars whose parish is the sea.

Talking with Pére Raphaël, head of the Boulogne mission, one is struck by the almost casual, but still zealous, attitude he has toward his priestly work. Himself a son of a fisherman, he sees nothing unusual in the fact that a Church founded among fisher-

men still takes a special interest in fishermen today.

Going out with one of the friars on a week-long fishing trip, one finds many things to make a landlubber feel ill at ease. Rough seas, cramped quarters, the background noise of the throbbing engine: all these contribute generously to one's discomfort. But the friars are quite used to discomfort and accept it willingly in exchange for the chance to bear witness before men that man must do his daily work with the image of his Maker before him.

ON DAYS WHEN THE SEA IS CALM, FATHER DOMINIQUE CELEBRATES MASS ON THE CRAMPED DECK OF THE FISHING SMACK



REPORTING FOR WORK, Father Battist brings along a pair of waders and a sack of supplies for week-long fishing trip at sea

The Fishing Priests of Boulogne-sur-Mer A Sign Picture Story



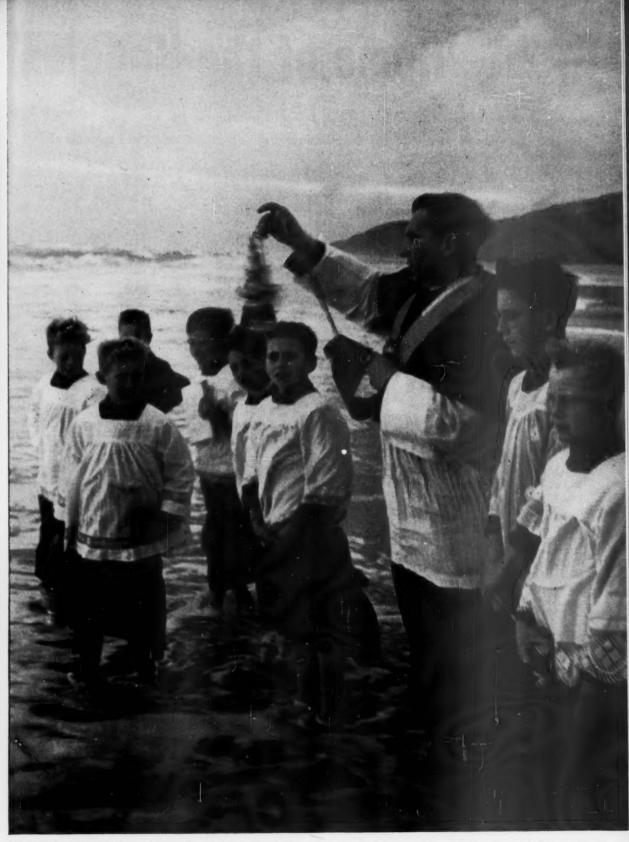
REPAIRING NETS before the boat sets sail, Father Battist demonstrates that he is as good at it as any of the fishermen



SHARING A MEAL in the crew's quarters, Father Dominique finds an occasion to share the problems of fishermen



WHEN THE DAY'S WORK is done, the fishermen often pick up a copy of "Terre et Mer," the monthly newspaper published by the Franciscans



ON SPECIAL FEAST DAY, a priest of the Mission-sur-Mer leads a ceremony in which the whole village joins. Here, he imparts a

blessing on the sea, praying that He who urged Peter to launch out into the deep will also bless the catch of local fishermen

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GAZA—Home of the Hopeless

Gaza—refuge of the dispossessed, desert of the human spirit—
stands in awful testimony of a rivalry that seems to have no end

WENTY minutes out from Cairo's busy International Airport, the white Dakota, with "United Nations" in big black letters on the wings and body, crossed the broad azure ribbon of the Suez Canal and headed over the northeast corner of the Sinai Desert.

This is the Biblical Wilderness of Sur. A grim but beautiful place, all white sand and blue sky. Giant, razoredge dunes, plumes of sand streaming out from their crests like powdered snow from a mountain peak, stretch to the far horizon.

Twisting through the desolation is a thin black thread, the trans-Sinai railway. It follows a route as old as time itself, along which Joseph and the Holy Family fled from the wrath of Herod, the ancient caravan road between Cairo and Damascus.

But it's just forty minutes' flying, and the aircraft was already banking over scattered orange groves and little old farm houses with red-tiled roofs. This is Gaza, ancient capital of the Philistines and today the "capital" of another desert, grimmer even than the Sinai—a desert of the human spirit. The problem posed by the 900,000 dispossessed Pales-

by Alan McGregor

tine Arabs presents itself here in its most acute form.

You meet it first in the handful of children, clad in an incongruous assortment of cast-off garments, who have assembled at the rough landing-strip to watch the plane come in. Their dark eyes have all the solemnity of youngsters to whom the treats and caprices of childhood are unknown.

At the moment (for the right to have babies is about all that is left to them and the birthrate is five per cent), a total of 207,000 refugees, plus the 85,000 original inhabitants—three-fourths of them now registered as "wholly destitute"—are existing in the Gaza Strip, a narrow rectangle twenty-five miles long and from three to five miles wide. It is bounded on three sides by the Mediterranean and the cease-fire line with Israel, the sole access by land being the 200-mile road and rail link across the Sinai to Egypt's Canal Zone.

While some of the refugees in Jordan, Syria, and the Lebanon have been able, by their own efforts, to rehabilitate themselves and are becoming integrated in the native population, those around Gaza can hope for no such ending to their years of enforced idleness. Almost half the Strip is sand dunes and the majority of able-bodied males, most of them former peasant farmers, have no chance of employment, other than occasional spells as day laborers with the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA). Even if every practicable development project were carried out, the area could never support more than a quarter of its present population.

Controlled, with a firm but sympathetic touch, by the Egyptian military authorities, who have retained the machinery of the former mandatory government—even to the smart black uniforms of the Palestine Police—the Strip costs Egypt at least \$2,800,000 a year and UNRWA twice as much.

Exports are \$700,000-worth of citrus, water-melons, figs, and almonds, and the annual trade deficit about \$5,600,000. For all that, other countries' money gives an unreal air of near-prosperity to Gaza town, where new bungalows are rising beside Samson's tomb and the

United Nations Photos

One of eight mud-brick refugee camps on 'The Strip': Seven long years without a solution has steeped the Arab refugees in the mire of despair





Thanks to UNRWA and aid from Egypt, medical care in Gaza is better than in most Arab countries; however, malnutrition is very widespread

crumbling, honey-tinged stone remnants of Crusader strongholds.

At night, the lights of the Israeli kibbutzim (settlements) twinkle from the nearby hills. The Strip, indeed, is so small as to engender a mild claustrophobia, felt most, perhaps, by the 50,-000 Bedouin who, no longer able to wander at will through the Negev, have come reluctantly to rest in their low black tents pitched amid the sand.

The former peasants, wiry men with strong, honest features, and their families live in eight orderly camps of little cement and mud-brick huts, each in the charge of an Egyptian Army officer and an UNRWA Palestinian official. Twice a month, heads of families draw the rations: flour, pulses, oil, sugar, rice, enough to provide a daily 1,500 calories (1,600 in winter) per head-or about half what a normal healthy individual is estimated to need.

Abdul Jawad, a small-holder from Beersheba, accompanied by his daughter, Fatma, was drawing their rations at the Gaza Distribution Center. "Yes," he said, "our faith in God is that we shall go back and we should always hope, but now it is so difficult. The Jewish problem was made in Europe; why should we suffer, too?'

"My wife and I have not tasted fresh meat for three years, since I sold the last of her jewelry," said Ahmed Gawadri, a grizzled white-beard who once had "two hundred sheep of my own at Huj, two hours' walking from here by the hill paths"-but now in Israel.

The ration scale is, in fact, an "emergency" one, which has now been in force for five years, UNRWA (whose budget permits an annual expenditure of \$27 per refugee) lacking the funds to improve upon it. For the undernourished, however, there is a daily hot meal, consisting of a plateful of stew, a round of native bread, and an orange (an extra 700 calories), at camp supplementary feeding centers, and all children up to the age of fifteen, expectant and nursing mothers are entitled to a morning cup of powdered milk which many of them use for making the traditional white Palestine cheese. United Nations agencies and the Egyptian Government together provide health services far superior to those of any Arab country. Secondhand clothing and extra foodstuffs are donated by religious and benevolent bodies of a dozen different countries.

Pre-eminent among those organizations is the Pontifical Mission for Palestine, directed from Beirut by Msgr. Peter P. Tuohy. Father Hanna Nemri, the Gaza parish priest, is responsible for the Mission's activities in the Strip, which, of course, extend to all refugees, irrespective of creed.

Father Nemri knows well the anguish in the hearts of a home-loving people: he is Palestinian himself, belonging to the little village of Beisan, near Tiberias, and he has been working among them since 1948 when the tired and dusty columns of frightened refugees fanned out from the Holy Land into the neighboring deserts.

"Seven years and no solution; that is why they despair," said Father Nemri as we talked in his cool, high-ceilinged sitting-room in the massive, old-fashioned Latin Patriarchate in Gaza. There are about 300 Catholics in his parish, none of them any longer in the camps. Some of the breadwinners, by virtue of superior education or skill as craftsmen, have obtained steady employment in the town or with UNRWA. A magnificent gesture of faith and hope in the future is the fine new church that is rising in a corner of the courtyard. Its cost is being met principally by a special grant of \$8,400 from Catholic Relief Services.

Father Nemri is universally liked and admired in the Gaza Strip, I found, not only among the refugees but also by Egyptian officials and especially by the Bedouin. To date, he has distributed about 6,000 bales of clothing and many hundreds of thousands of pounds of milk powder, cooking oil, cheese, and butter. But always there is a need for still more. Members of the Catholic Women's Committee visit the camps and can give immediate assistance

ALAN McGREGOR, a Scot who has divided the last ten years between his own country and the Middle East, is a correspondent for Kemsley Newspapers, a large British newspaper group.

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to families who, because of illness, are undergoing a period of additional privation.

The only members of the refugee community able to continue their traditional way of life are the fishermen. There is no harbor at Gaza-which in the time of the Romans was Manoa, the port for Jerusalem-but a dozen boats, operating from the beach, bring in about 500 tons of fish annually, most of it sardines and pilchard. A former fisherman of Jaffa, Gamil Abu el Kheir, fifty-one, father of eight children, complained that, although the price of fish is extremely low, there is no demand, "for the dwellers on the land in Palestine never were able to afford fresh food from the sea and have no taste for it.'

T Jabalia Camp by the sea-"tem-A porary residence" of 20,000-I asked half-a-dozen village mukhtars (headmen) gathered in the administrative office if they really hoped in their hearts that one day they would return to their homes. That anyone should ask such a question angered them. "It is the fault of the British and the Americans," shouted sixty-year-old Abdullah Jaffar, brandishing his fist. "We must get our lands back. That's the only answer." He told of the new house he built at Maghdal, eight miles from this office. "In it I lived for less than a twelvemonth, and I haven't seen it or my orange groves for eight years. I know that a family of Jews from Iraq has the house now. What of my seven sons?"

Sabri Saidam, thirty-four, from Aquir, in the Ramallah district, told me, "We are losing all hope in the United Nations. They talk, take 'important' decisions—and nothing happens. If only

the 1947 Partition Plan (drawn up by a U.N. commission) could still be implemented. I don't want even a roomful of gold in compensation. I want our home back."

Walls of camp recreation rooms are covered with drawings in colored chalk, many of them depicting the Dome of the Rock mosque in Jerusalem, and inscriptions such as "We shall not forget you, Palestine," "Long live my country, my blood, my soul."

This all-powerful urge to return home, their very reason for living, has, inevitably, taken a political turn. To-day, the prestige of Haj Amin el Husseiny, ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, now living in exile in Egypt, is higher than ever. To the British he appears as one of the most sinister, trouble-rousing, and anti-Western figures in the Arab world, but his name is revered by the refugees. "His hands are clean," I was told. "He is a great leader."

Communal morale is at zero: the tempers of despairing men. embittered by seven years of nursing a grudge, are near to flash point. I saw thousands of demonstrators milling through Gaza's hilly streets the day after an Israeli raid in which 22 Palestinians of the National Guard—the force recruited by the Egyptians for service within the Strip—were among the Arab dead.

THE car in which I was traveling with other correspondents, escorted by an Egyptian Army jeep patrol, was mistaken for that of a United Nations truce observer. Scowling mobs shook their fists furiously, yelling, "You have failed us, you dogs." Flame trees, which had provided pleasant shade from the hot sun, were splintered stumps, their branches having been wrenched and

chopped off by the demonstrators for use as cudgels.

So determined are the refugees to impress upon one the force of their determination to "go back" that, although many talk English well, a quiet conversation is difficult. Their state of mind has been investigated in the last two years by an American sociologist, Fred C. Bruhns, working on a Ford Foundation grant. An indication of their outlook, says his report, is that they call UNRWA headquarters "the castle of narcotics" and their rations "our shot of morphine."

Their resentment, says Bruhns, is directed against Britain (51 per cent of the blame) for giving up the Palestine Mandate, the United States (21 per cent) for supporting the Jews, and the Arab states (17 per cent) for quarreling among themselves and thus making things easier for Israel, which, incidentally, comes in for only 11 per cent of the blame.

One refugee in two, says the report, is prepared to stick it out in his present misery, remaining as near as he can to his lost home and awaiting what is referred to as "our second round." The others are willing to give resettlement schemes a trial, on condition that they do not have to relinquish any claim to their lands and property in Israel.

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Bruhns writes: "Serious concessions to be made by Israel are a must to abate the burning hostility of the refugees and



Gaza schools provide youth with the luxury of some hope for the future



Fishermen on Gaza's beach: Land dwellers have little taste for fish



Father Nemri, parish priest of Gaza, blesses foundation of church donated by American Catholics

Arab girl doing embroidery: A craft economy in a machine age



to enlist their co-operation." Those refugees who are not aching for a "second round," he says, should have two types of concessions offered them:

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 Territorial adjustments and payment by Israel to the Arabs for their lost lands.

An Arab-Jewish state on a "federal or cantonal basis, something like Switzerland, with far-reaching local self-government."

He adds, however, that, initially at least, only a few Arabs would support the federal plan.

Any chance of an early settlement would seem to be precluded, too, by the passions the continuing "Israeli question" arouses in the Arab states. Press and radio refer habitually to the Jewish state as "the spoilt, reckless child of imperialism which must be exterminated." Each side fears and distrusts the other as much as it ever did.

THE cease-fire demarcation line is but a planned furrow—for the refugees, a frontier of frustration. Beyond it, the firm, metaled road, built during the British Mandate, runs on through gentle green hills to Jerusalem. Egyptian and Israeli soldiers face each other at outposts a mile or so apart. The military truce observers—in their white U.N. vehicles, the only persons who can drive along that road—working through the Egyptian-Israeli Mixed Armistice Commission ("Mac"), try to keep inevitable incidents down to a minimum.

Sometimes the observers who are stationed both in Israeli and Arab territory have to intervene to stop open shooting between the two sides, communicating with each other by portable radio as they move up toward the scene

of the firing. Occasionally they get shot at as well. "Nobody likes us, because we always find someone in the wrong," said one.

E VEN the sunset curfew, in force outside Gaza town and the confines of the refugee camps, and the additional measures introduced at the suggestion of the U.N. Truce Supervision Organization, cannot stop entirely the nocturnal, crossings of the line. A few go back for a glimpse of their homes, risking and sometimes losing their lives. others to steal or to wreak vengeance by murder, which, in turn, is avenged. Whole families have crossed Israel to join relatives in Jordan refugee camps. There is a secret "Smugglers' Road"; Virginia cigarettes made in Amman sell openly in Gaza's streets at a modest 25 cents for twenty.

"My sister and her family are in a refugee camp only 60 miles away near Hebron" (now held by Jordan), said Mohammed Hebri, a former grocer of Sarafand. "But to visit her I would first have to get a travel permit, then take the train across the Sinai to Cairo, then either fly from there to Amman, or go by sea from Alexandria to Beirut and the rest of the way by bus." Only 60 miles away across Israel, but a costly 800-mile detour. An impossibility, too, for a penniless refugee.

For the young, however, there is a sure way out of the Gaza Strip: education. Boys stroll along the beaches reading schoolbooks and working out geometrical problems with chalk on the roadway. At night, those from the adjacent camp gather to read and write under the Gaza street lamps. The demand for secondary and university edu-

cation is far beyond what UNRWA's budget can provide. At a fine, new vocational training center, financed jointly by UNRWA and the Egyptian Government, youths are learning to be skilled craftsmen and mechanics, the men most needed in the Arab lands today.

In the last three years, more than a thousand young refugees have gone as teachers, nurses, electricians, carpenters, plumbers, and mechanics to oil-rich but labor-short Kuwait, Qatar, Behrein, Saudi Arabia, and Iraq. Together they send to their relatives in the Strip around \$80,000 a month, enough to provide a few comforts for old folk without homes.

THESE are the fortunate few. For most able-bodied adults, life is poverty, home sickness, and the ration line. Inertia has eaten deep into their souls but you will find no visible evidence of moral disintegration and a beggar is a rarity. Families and communities abide by the traditional code of co-operation and trust. Among the poorest peasants, too, life in the camps, where strict sanitary regulations are enforced, has instilled awareness of hygiene and the beginnings of a sense of social responsibility.

But such things are no more than an oasis in this desert of the human spirit. "Baldness is come upon Gaza: Ascalon hath held her peace with the remnant of their valley. . . ." Even the fiery prophets of the Old Testament might be silent in commiseration if they could but see Philistia's fate today.



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By John J. Ryan

His father had never succeeded, and now he was following the pattern. Or maybe he just didn't understand about this job or about his father

JIM STRAWN had always liked the plant noises at Specialty Foods Corporation: the whining and the clanging, the clicking and the throbbing of the mixers and the packaging machines; the rumbling of the expellers deep in the basement.

It had always been good—the noise and the heavy, steamy smells of food being cooked and milled: the combination of sound and odor so familiar that during the long days in the Pacific he had often felt a wordless yearning for that blending of the two, a thing as warm and close to him as the smells and sounds of his own home.

Except now. Except today.

Today the noise was shrill, dissonant, and wearying. The smells irritated him; the taste of the food was sour in his mouth. He was mad.

He hit the button hard and sent a hopper full of salt flying around to the number four mixer. Tomorrow they'd probably tell him officially but, as usual, Eddie Hopp, the check-weigher from the control lab, had it first.

"Hey Strawn," he had called. "I thought you were being groomed for foreman down here." The kid was the eyes and ears of the plant.

"They sent me to the course in Foremanship," said Jim. "Why?"

"Why?" the kid asked in mock surprise. "The husband is always last to know. I got this right from the mail room and they said they saw the letter go on it. They're bringing in a new guy from the Oswego plant. Looks like he's going to be the new foreman down bere."

He never knew till that moment how much he had counted on it, how important it was. It hit him now like a wet rag across the face. Maybe this is how my father felt, he thought suddenly.

Everybody had known that he was in line for it, that he had wanted it, worked for it. And inside of two hours everybody would know that they were bringing in a man from the cereal plant, and there wasn't a single thing that could be done about it.

Jim wiped the flour off the scale

board. Then he carefully cleaned the weights and swept off the platform. Peterson watched him without interest. The shift was ending and in a few minutes Jim went to the locker room and changed into his street clothes.

He walked down the stairs to the street to avoid meeting anyone from the plant on the elevator. He stopped in Stanley's for a beer to waste time, to get his thoughts straight before he went home. But it was no good. The beer tasted bitter.

He got off the bus and walked along the tree-lined block. He was proud of that street with the trees, the old, twofamily houses and the wide sidewalks. The rent was a little steep, but on a foreman's pay he could manage it okay.

Jeanne and little Jim met him at the door and hugged him. Maureen was still out playing. The four-room apartment was trim and neat, and he always felt a kind of funny pride when he came home and walked through it—not like those years after his mother and father had been divorced. Not like that at all.

"Tough day?" Jeanne asked. "You look tired."

All right. There was no use fooling with the thing, rehearsing it. Better get it said and have it done with. Except he kept remembering his mother and that stuffy tenement and his father and the jobs that somehow he always just missed, the sales he never quite made. I wanted to do so much better, he thought.

"There's going to be a new foreman in Bulk Processing."

Jeanne looked up at him, wide-eyed, and then flung her arms around him.

"Oh, Jim. How wonderful! And you wanted it so long. Oh, I'm so glad for you, darling." She held him tight. "Now maybe you can get that '47 whatever-it-was, that car."

He took her arms gently from around his neck and walked over to the window and stood looking out. He tried to push it out of his mind, but he kept thinking of his mother the night his father came home and said he hadn't gotten the job, the big job, the one that would have changed it all, the one that would have

saved them. And after that night it all fell apart. The whole thing had broken up. He never forgot that.

"What's the matter? What's the matter, Jim? You look, I don't know, you look funny."

"Jeanne I . . ." Then his courage failed him. "Oh nothing, nothing at all. I was thinking about something—nothing, nothing at all."

"Is . . . is everything all right at the plant? I mean this promotion is what you wanted, isn't it? You're happy about it?"

"Sure, of course Jeanne. It's what I wanted, all right." Now into it deeper. A lie piled on a mistake and then another lie. Tell her, he commanded himself, tell her now or it will be harder each minute that goes by. But the instant had passed and he could not tell her.

For a moment all the things he had planned for her and for Maureen and little Jim came back to him. The home in the suburbs, the long vacation trips, the secondhand car—but there had been the war and then Maureen sick that time and then the rent and then little Jim. Thirty-four now and none of the things accomplished, further and further behind. For a bad minute he was afraid he would weep.

Then there was a drumming on the door. It was Maureen and she wanted her bike put in the cellar for the night. Then it was time for Howdy Doody on television, and the evening routine began and something in the sameness of it reassured him and made him feel a little better.

LATER that evening the house was quiet except for the faint music coming from the radio of the family downstairs. Jim sat at the edge of the bed smoking. Jeanne was at the vanity fixing her hair. Now, at thirty-two, she seemed to him to be lovelier than ever before in all the years he had known her.

"Did you fix the light in the kids' room?" she asked. "It needs fixing."

"Yes," he said. "Yes." He got up and put the ash tray down on the night table and then stood there looking at it dumbly. It had split in two.

"I'm sorry, Jeanne," he began. "I want you to know I'm sorry, but . . ."

She turned and looked at him and, with the light playing on her hair and the old faded housecoat he had bought in a Tokyo PX years before wrapped tight around her, she looked young and defenseless, like Maureen, like the little girl.

I'll lose her now, he thought, and it ran through him like a knife. She'll

ILLUSTRATED BY EDDIE CHAN

know that we're slipping back, that there will be less, not more ahead, just like his mother had known, and this will be the end of it. Not now, not right away, but in time.

This was the moment now to tell her, and the words were almost in his mouth when the doorbell rang and everything was lost and gone again. He would have to tell her later; nothing could change that and it would be harder later, but at least now it was postponed.

He glanced at the alarm clock. It was nearly ten.

He walked into the hall. A figure was slowly climbing the stairs in the semigloom, a figure teasingly familiar.

"Yes," said Iim. "Yes, what is it?"

"Well that's a fine reception." The voice was rich and full. The man was middle-aged, dressed in a Chesterfield, and when he took off his derby he revealed a head of flowing white hair. "That's a fine reception." he repeated puffing a bit from the climb. Then he stepped into the light.

J IM stood there open-mouthed in shocked surprise. A score of emotions old and long-quiet seemed to charge through him and he trembled. He lelt as if there were a thick wedge in his throat and he could not speak.

The man stood there peering into Jim's face, his arms wide as if he might embrace him, and something naked and hungry was there on his face and he made no attempt to hide it. "Jim." he said. "Jim. I'm glad to see you again, boy."

Many times in the years since he had imagined seeing his father again—sometimes they were angry scenes; sometimes scenes of pity as he surveyed a man beaten, penitent, lost. But in none of his imaginings had it been like this; never facing a prosperous-looking stranger with no marks on his face of fear, sorrow, regret.

"Come in," said Jim at last. "Come in. No. not in there, that's the kids' room, come into the living room. Jeanne!" He cursed himself for that betraying quiver in his voice. "It's . . . it's my father." The word sounded rusty from disuse and brought with it now a rash of recollections from a forgotten time.

"I guess this is a surprise," said his father. "I'm east on a business trip." He was shorter than Jim remembered him, heavier too, and his clothes were well-made and carefully tailored.

"First time east in, oh, ten or fifteen years, I imagine. I did want to get east when your mother passed on, but I would not have been able to get here in time. I was sorry about that, Jim, still am sorry about it."

The mention of his mother startled Jim. He could not reconcile this smooth,

gentle face, this carefully poised manner, with his father. This man was a stranger; he was one of those people you see on the street who, from a distance look like someone you know but, on close observation, resemble no one.

"So I'm a grandfather," he continued chuckling. "Well, that's nice. Odd, isn't it, that it never occurred to me that I might be one. Oh, but I like the idea, Jim, I like it fine. Suppose they are sleeping now?"

Something cruel in Jim made him resist the eagerness that had crept into the old man's face when he mentioned the children.

"Yes," he said brusquely. "Yes, they

"Of course, of course they would be," his father said quickly, suddenly embarrassed and apologetic. "Too bad. I . . . I would have liked to see them. Boys?"

"A boy and a girl. Little Jim is two, Maureen is eight."

"That's nice. Guess it's my fault for not keeping in touch with you, but I was never much for writing letters. And I... I didn't know just how you felt about, well, about things." He hesitated again and Jim could not fathom the

Self-love is a busy prompter.—
 Dr. Samuel Johnson

look that passed over his face, making him, for a moment, old and tired looking.

At that moment Jeanne came in, uncertain and shy. She had put on her best dress and pinned her hair back. Jim introduced her, and his father got up and gave her a little kiss on the cheek.

"Sorry to come in unannounced this way. Know you women like a little notice, but the truth is I have only a few hours till my plane takes off and it took some time to locate you two." He sat down again and examined the tip of his cigar.

"I suppose Jim told you about me?" But he softened the question with that smile again. "Well, Jeannie, Jim and I are two different people in many ways. Jim's mother and I never got along and Jim grew up with her. But I guess you know about that."

"I... I didn't." said Jeanne. "But I guess that's all right. I mean about not knowing. It doesn't make any difference. But I had thought you were..." Then she turned crimson and her eyes sought Jim's, frightened and full of shame.

". . . dead?" he said, smiling again.

"That was it, wasn't it? Well, in a way I was and for a long time. But I'm very much alive now." He chuckled at some secret joke and turned to Jim. "What are you doing for yourself?"

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"I work for Specialty Foods." Somehow it reminded him of an interview for a job—the sitting on the edge of the chair, the stranger asking the awkward personal questions.

"Jim is doing fine." said Jeanne quickly. "He was just promoted today to foreman, foreman in charge of the entire Bulk Processing department. He worked hard for it."

"Good," said the other. "That's the way to do it. Pick out something you like to do and do it."

Neither of them knew what to say.

"You see," he continued looking at Jeanne. "That was the whole thing, the ... the trouble Jim's mother and I had. We wanted different things from life. A simple thing like that was at the bottom and all the rest got piled on top, the quarrels and all the rest. Jim was too young to understand. I can't blame him for not telling you. Those things are never very pretty. But it is something you should know about and, well, there it is. Wouldn't want it to come up at some other time to plague you. Sorry, Jim."

Jim got up and went into the kitchen and took a long time about opening three cans of beer and pouring them into the tall glasses. It was like a foreign language film without subtitles; he simply could not grasp what they were saving.

I T went like this for two hours, and he was hardly in the conversation while Jeanne and his father talked—Jeanne leaning forward eagerly to listen to him; his eyes shining as he told her of the book and gift shop he now owned; the occasional Hollywood stars who wandered in. He asked many questions, most of them about the children.

Finally his father looked at his watch and rose quickly.

"The best evenings go so fast," he said.
"What a pity. I must run. But I have had such a wonderful time."

"Oh, no," Jeanne protested. "Let me fix you something, some coffee, a sandwich, something."

"No. No." The older man insisted. "Thank you, but not a thing. I'd be tempted to but I made reservations on that plane and they are pretty strict about those things these days. But . . ." His tone was hesitant again. "But there is one thing you can do for me."

He took a card out of his wallet and scribbled his address on it and gave it to Jeanne without comment. Then he pressed a bill into her hands and closed her fingers over it. "Get some toy for each of them. Tell them . . . tell them it's from grandpa." He chuckled, pleased over the sound of it.

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He looked at Jim cautiously. Jim caught the look and the thing that was behind it.

"My father wants to have a look at Maureen and little Jim," said Jim, turning away from the terrible loneliness in his father's eyes.

"I won't wake them or anything," he said anxiously. "Just a peek."

"Why of course," said Jeanne. They walked quietly into the bedroom and stood without speaking, looking down at the sleeping forms. Jeanne rearranged their blankets and they all tiptoed out in elaborate silence.

"Well . . ." he said, and his voice sounded husky and his eyes seemed misty. He turned and kissed Jeanne and held out his hand to Jim, who grasped it hard. He stood there looking at them for a long minute and then, without another word, turned and closed the door behind him.

"He seems like such a nice man," Jeanne said in a small voice. "And look, twenty dollars. I thought it was five. I guess I shouldn't have taken it, but he seems so interested in the children that I suppose he wants them to have something from him. Funny, Maureen always complained that the other children have grandparents and she has none. Now she has a grandfather."

"I wanted to tell you about them but I could never bring it out. I just could never tell you, never could tell anybody."

"Was it so terrible, Jim?"

"I thought it was. All these years I thought it was, and now I'm not sure, not sure at all. He's not like I remember him and I can't figure it out."

"How do you remember him, Jim?"

"Like a man who couldn't do anything well; who never got anywhere. Losing jobs or not getting jobs. My mother was always planning something—a new apartment, a trip, something that I would get all excited about—only he never got the right job or he never made the sale. I don't know. I remember him as a . . . a failure."

E remembered he had not told her about the job. That was still facing him. He should have told her before.

"He doesn't look like a failure to me," Jeanne said. "He seems kind of contented and happy, but lonely. He seems so lonely I could almost cry."

"I didn't mean it that way," said Jim.
"He didn't work much; couldn't keep a
job."

"Oh that," said Jeanne. "My father couldn't either in those days with the depression and layoffs and everything."

"But you don't understand," said Jim

INTROSPECTION

by HERBERT PARKER

To get his good-night kiss he stood Beside my chair one night And raised an eager face to me, A face with love alight.

And as I gathered in my arms
The son God gave to me,
I thanked the lad for being good,
And hoped he'd always be.

His little arms crept 'round my neck, And then I heard him say Four simple words I shan't forget— Four words that made me pray.

They turned a mirror on my soul, On secrets no one knew. They startled me, I hear them yet; He said, "I'll be like you."

defensively. "It was more than that. It was being poor and being scared. It was always hoping for some way out of the trap."

But Jeanne seemed not to be listening. "You know," said Jeanne. "I don't think that was being a failure. We didn't have things, you know, house and clothes and stuff like that, but I never thought my father was a failure. Maybe your mother was the failure in not making the best of what she had."

Jim got up and walked to the window. The thought shocked him, and he could hardly even let it penetrate into his mind; yet he was struck mute by some faint logic that told him Jeanne might be right. She came over to him and leaned against him and put her arms around him.

"Oh, darling, don't you see? That wasn't what broke them up—it was wanting different things, the way he said. It's not a job or a house or a car that's important."

He couldn't say anything. His head was crammed with too many things.

"Jeanne," he said, his voice flat.
"There was something else I did not tell
you. I tried to but . . ."

He felt her body stiffen against him, felt his own mouth go dry.

"The job. The job as foreman. I didn't get it. They're bringing in someone else."

For a minute the bitterness returned when he thought of it; saw in his mind the bare ten-story, factory building outlined against the gray afternoon sky; the years, the work, the smell of the place; the friends; eating lunch on the fire escape; the foremanship course; the

blind impulse to quit, to show them. to get even.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Jim. I know you wanted it. Maybe they're saving you for something better later on. But I don't really care, darling, if you don't. We'll, manage all right."

He turned around and looked at her for a long time.

"Do you mean that? I mean really mean it, inside, you know how?"

He felt very light now and not tired at all, just light and released.

"Why, of course I mean it," said Jeanne in surprise. "Did you ever think I felt any other way? I love you. Jim. and I think you've been a wonderful success in every way. Gee, Jim." She buried her face against him. "Maybe I never told you enough times, maybe I never explained it. Don't you understand?"

"Yeah," he said. "I think I'm beginning to. Just give me a little time to think, to . . . look, if you want to, you can invite him here the next time he's in New York. Maybe you ought to write him a note."

I T had been a long, strange day with anger in it and fear and surprise. And none of it mattered, now. None of the things he had been so certain of mattered now at all. It would take time to get used to that.

Jeanne leaned over and kissed him on the lips, very hard. No, none of it mattered at all. The only thing that mattered, the only thing that now remained, was Jeanne here held tight in his arms, the night sounds of the children sleeping, and the feeling—still in the room of the father he had found again.

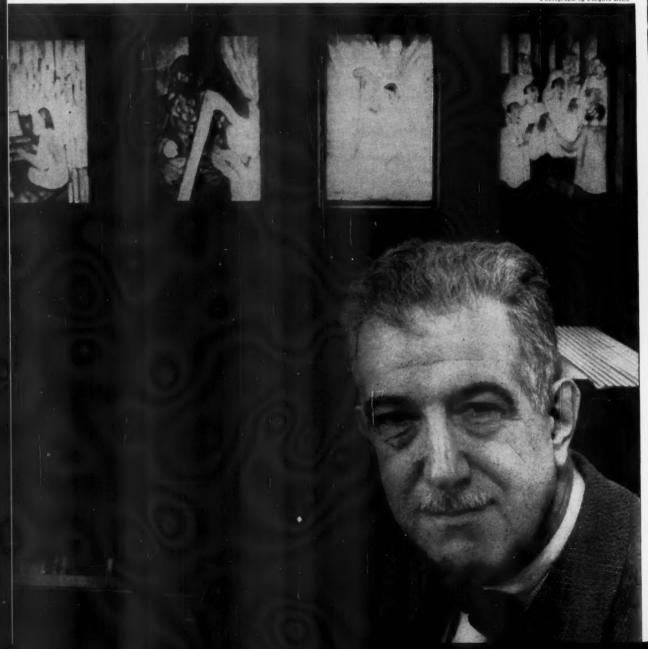
Agitator for Christian Art

POLITICKING for better liturgical art in American churches has been Maurice Lavanoux's public business for the last twenty-seven years. As secretary and one of the founders of the Liturgical Arts Society and editor of its quarterly journal, Maurice has helped breathe new life into the ancient forms for art used in the worship of the Church. Motivated by the conviction that "only indifference and continued invincible ignorance are to blame for the bad work seen in many of our churches," the Society started out in 1928 to act as a center for persons interested

in better things for Church art. The result of years of work and public education, carried on under the patronage of Francis Cardinal Spellman, can be seen in the liturgical revival that has taken root among American Catholics.

To Maurice Lavanoux, perhaps most responsible for stimulating this revival, due recognition has not been denied. In 1948, St. Vincent's College, Latrobe, Pa., honored him with a Doctor of Arts degree. Since then, Columbia University has asked him to serve on the board of consultants to its graduate school of architecture. But the award he most cherishes is the "Benemerenti" medal given him by the Pope in 1950 for his service to the Church.

Photograph by Jacques Loice





Photograph by Jacques Lowe; backdrop by Jean Charlot

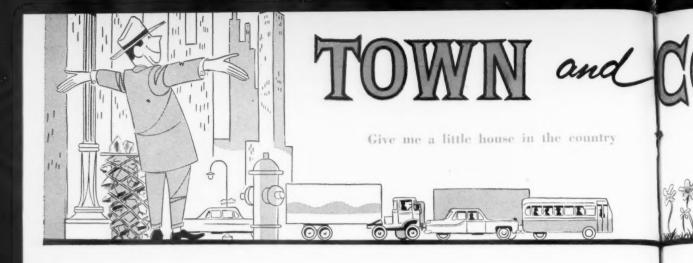
The '&' in Sheed & Ward

AFTER TWENTY-FIVE years Marigold Hunt has become so much a part of the Catholic publishing house of Sheed & Ward that her friends have taken a liking to introducing her as the "&" in Sheed & Ward. What makes her so indispensable is harder, however, for her friends to put their finger on. "It's just," says one, "that it's impossible to think of S&W without Marigold or Marigold without S&W." Looking deeper, however, one can find reasons. Besides serving as the firm's

vice president and advertising director, Marigold has made the S&W "Trumpet" into one of the sprightliest and most unashamedly house-organish house organs in the Catholic press. On the side, Marigold spends her time caring for and feeding two pet cats, Sister and Maskel, the latter named after a figure in the Old Testament. When the cats are fed and put to bed, she often finds time to sit down at a typewriter and hammer out books for children. One of the best of these is "St. Patrick's Summer," an introduction to theology entertainingly written in story form for children from ten to fourteen.

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I CAN see it now. . . . It sits comfortably atop a little rise a hundred yards or so back from the road at the end of a maple-lined drive and in the front yard there is an oak whose roots must have begun their groping through the good, sweet earth about the turn of the century. . . .

It is neither a new house nor a very old one but rose to the duet of hammer and saw perhaps forty years ago, so that it has had time to learn something of life and of people. . . . It wears a contented look, as if it had appraised the changing seasons dispassionately and had found in each an equal balance of good and bad. . . .

I do not own this house. I never shall. For I am doomed, as are millions of others, to live out my days in a house without character, without personality, without promise—a flat-faced oblong of brick and mortar, designed and built by men of vision but not of dreams.

As apartments go, ours is a good one, I guess. The modern building is constructed of good and lasting materials, is equipped with all reasonable conveniences, and is well serviced. As for the living quarters themselves, they are light and airy enough by city standards; there are plenty of closets, excellent floors, beautiful bathrooms, concealed radiators, a minimum of exposed steamfitting. Each apartment is equipped with kitchen range and refrigerator. Gas, electricity, and water are included in the rental. Once I have placed the monthly checks for rent and telephone in the mail, my responsibility for the efficient and continued operation of my "home" is ended. And therein lies my beef.

I don't want living to be so doggoned uncomplicated. When the joint needs fixing, I want to call up and or-

by ART SMITH

der a couple of jokers sent around at my convenience to decorate according to my specifications. If I want the walls painted fire department red and the ceilings midnight blue with simulated stars in dandelion yellow, that's the way I want it, brother, and no cracks like, "Who do you think you are, the owner of this dump?"

And that's exactly the point. I'm not the owner. For all the dough I've sunk in these streamlined rabbit warrens maybe twenty, twenty-five thousand bucks in the last twenty years— I have never owned anything.

All right, all right, I know all the arguments of home owners about how a man is a gilt-edged, all-American sucker to buy a house when cliff-dwelling is so simple. But I can't help dreaming of the home on the little rise, screened away from the world by its maples and its shrubs, smiling in the summer sun, and proudly meeting the challenge of the winter winds.

I KNOW the gravel drive will need resurfacing in summer and that it will choke with snow and have to be dug out in the winter. I realize that the stately maples will shed their leaves come autumn and that the leaves must be gathered and burned. I am quite aware that furnace-tending, porch-painting, switching screens for storm windows, and vice versa are tasks incompatible with fifty-year-old sacroiliacs.

I know, too, that no house, regardless of the loving care with which it has been designed and built, is ever finished. There always will be something that needs fixing. But what of it? These are small payment for the satisfaction one must feel when he can say to his friends, "Boy, am I tired! Spent the

whole morning fixing the doors of my garage and all afternoon trimming my hedge and cutting my grass." Don't you get it? You are saying my garage, my hedge, my grass. You own something!

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Here's another thought. Did you ever try being proud of an apartment? It can't be done. An apartment is too small, to begin with. A small place gets cluttered—there is never any storage room—and an hour after the most thorough cleaning, it's a mess.

In this connection, let me tell you about an editor friend of mine who had lived in his own eight-room home in the suburbs for twenty-five years and decided to sell the place and move back to an apartment in the city.

"I T wasn't my decision," he told me.
"I am content out there. But
the war department says the house is
too much for her. I can't really blame
her. The house is a lot of work and an
apartment in town would be so much
simpler."

My war department spoke up.

"George." she said, "rent the house, don't sell it. Mary has been away from the city for so long she has forgotten what apartment living is like. Believe me, in a year she'll be longing for her house again—with every one of its eight rooms."

My war department lost that one but not by much. George and Mary stuck out their lease, which was for two years. Then they scurried back to the country and their eight-roomer.

So George and Mary are back in their house again, and I can see it now.... It sits on a little rise a hundred yards or so back from the road at the end of a maple-lined drive.... And in the front yard is an oak whose roots began groping through the good, sweet earth about the turn of the century.

COUNTRY Take mine. I'm all for the city

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS

AND I can see it now, too, just as I left it this morning and just as I'll go home to it tonight . . .

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Stucco, in the manner of the House of Tudor, eight rooms boxed in and crowned with a sharply peaked roof, all of it sitting solidly on a flat fifty-by-one hundred.

Out front two huge sycamores, planted twenty-five years ago when up rose this little castle—hardly fit for even a Tudor. Sycamores with roots so mighty that the sidewalk is sundered and raised.

The concrete driveway is a delight, too. Cracked, torn, sunken in one spot where water from a drain spout has undermined it over the years. Two of the four garage doors are rotted and broken.

Inside, one architectural novelty on top of another as you go from room to room. Perhaps, I sometimes suspect, it was the shade of some half-mad old Tudor who actually designed my house. For would a sane, twentieth-century man have my side door opening onto my neighbor's driveway? Would he put five (yes, five) doors in an eight-by-twelve kitchen, leaving almost no wall space?

That is the house . . . the modest manse I first saw two years ago when I joined the stampede out of the suburbs. And finally, after the real estate agent, the lawyers, and the mortgage people all went away, I was alone in it . . . my house.

Well, let's say the mortgage man's and mine. All mine, though, when it comes time for the oil dealer, the utilities, the tax collector, and everybody clse to send out the bills.

Every bit of it mine, too, the day I went down the cellar and all of a sudden noticed a curious streak of what appeared to be sawdust on the wall right beneath the side door. I didn't

by HARRY SCHLEGEL

have the slightest idea what it was, so I called in a neighbor.

"You have termites," announced Del, an awful note of finality in his voice. The very word sent a chill down my spine. Would my house remain standing through the night? "Oh, I think so," said Del, "but I'd have a guy in to look at it."

I invited the exterminator to call, and he promptly confirmed Del's verdict. Not only my house, but my garage to boot was tenanted by termites. Tiny, piddling bugs at best but, my, how it costs to exterminate them.

At last the termites were dead (and my bank account, too) and there came an uneasy pause. What next? I wondered apprehensively. I didn't have long to wait—only about three months.

Twas a cold March morning last year, and I had gone downstairs first to get the coffee going. Suddenly, I heard a fearful clanking in the cellar. I rushed down. The noise came from the oil burner, and it definitely was not a happy sound. But, by now an old homeowner, I knew what to do. March courageously to the phone, pick it up, call the man.

He arrived presently, surveyed the burner, listened impassively to its death rattle, then stood back with a look of haughty scorn.

"I put this thing in for the other people when they converted from coal after the war. It was a dog of a burner when it was new," he said. I bowed my head, presenting my neck for the knife, and whispered for him to go on.

"I might be able to patch this thing," he began, "but that would cost you at least a hundred bucks, and there's no telling how long it'd last. Now, for another hundred bucks you get a new one, and then you got no worries."

Well, I hate worry, so there went another two hundred smackers.

No more worries, hey? No there weren't, until the old washing machine suddenly expired last Fall. This gadget was also impossible of repair, in the opinion of several experts who were called in for consultation. To a man, they recommended a new washer. Numbly, I acquired one—for \$218.

And so, you see, in my house practically any day could turn out to be a personal Pearl Harbor Day. The plumbing is not worthy of the name. I told you about the driveway and the garage. The lady of the house speaks wistfully of a 1955 (not 1929) kitchen. I agree, but where is the \$2,500 coming from?

Yes, I see all this, and then my mind's eye sees something else. Four compact rooms, laid out in logical progression according to the architecture of 1947. Twelve stories up; nice and cool in summertime, even in the heart of the city.

TERMITES? Why, those horrible bugs would die of starvation midst all that brick and concrete. Driveway, garage? Who needed a car. with the subway right at the door? Washing machine? Forty of them in the laundromat across the street, rentable at a quarter a throw.

Plumbing, heating, gas, and light? All paid for in the \$91.40 I gave the landlord every month. Trouble of any kind? Call up the super.

I've lived in 'em both, apartment and house, and in case you still have any doubts about my preference, I'll let you in on a little secret.

Guy by name of Schlegel called up his old apartment house manager the other day and said:

"Put me down for the first available."

Father and took "Let's get this over w

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THE SIGN

d tool at the crossroads teyld no Conger evade the issue.

A DAY at the BEACH



The Early morning sand was cool and soothing to Stevie's toes as he followed a small, bustling crab to the water's edge. Up and down the deserted beach, wisps of dawn fog were slowly giving up the struggle against a new sun.

Stevie and the impatient crab shared the morning with a shrill gull, busily inspecting the tide's rejects. It was a moment to cause any 14-year-old to test his lung power. Stevie's hearty "hallo" rang over the foggy inlet and was lost against the surf pounding jagged rocks.

Here and there a white cottage caught the day and gleamed for an instant, as if under the guidance of a master switchboard. Ordono wasn't a fashionable beach like those farther down the California coast where Stevie and his Dad usually spent the summer. It was merely a cluster of bungalows, facing a Pacific that whispered of past dreams to the old folks and of adventurous tomorrows to the youngsters who shouted and swam in its fringe.

This summer Stevie and Tim faced a decision. Their father-and-son relationship was at a crossroads. For three weeks they had swum, fished, and laughed, each waiting for the other to say the first word. It hadn't come, but, with only three days remaining, the issue could not be evaded much longer.

Stevie ambled down toward "the wreck." Each step was deliberate and exaggerated. He paused now and then to move his heels from side to side, making prints that resembled some club-footed monster from the deep.

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB HILBERT

A few rotting timbers jutted from the sand at the far end of the inlet. The local kids had told Stevie wild tales of shipwrecked pirates and buried treasure. Though he didn't believe .hem, he always felt a momentary chill when he scrambled aboard the soggy timbers.

Stevie felt different from these other kids, a lot different. He wasn't like them anymore. Not deep down inside, anyway. On the surface nothing had changed. He was swim champ of the school, he laughed as loud as the others, played as rough, studied a little, and grew an inch a month it seemed. Only his husky physique and shock of unruly hair set him apart from the others at St. Joe's or the crowd here at Ordono Beach.

But there was a difference. Stevie knew it, even though he couldn't explain why. It was something that had been growing and pushing him from inside, ever since the accident. His dad seemed to know it was there and tried in a hundred small ways to pry it out. None worked.

He hadn't been in the accident, but he had been part of it. And it had changed his whole world. All the bright and shiny parts of his life disintegrated that morning just two short years ago. Perched on a log. chin cupped in his hands, and with a morning wind ruffling his hair, it seemed an endless eternity ago to Stevie. . . .

THE cable had arrived from Cairo just as Stevie and his mother were sitting down to breakfast. She read it to him with an excited undercurrent in her voice. HEADING HOME FOR GOOD LOVE TO YOU BOTH TIM.

Stevie had almost forgotten that a sparkle belonged in his mother's eyes. It hadn't been there for so long. Now it was back, and in a moment the boy felt a pang of jealousy. Even the joy he did feel at Tim's homecoming couldn't fully overcome the nagging irritation.

"Just think, Stevie, now Dad can join us on that trip to Arrowhead." His mother's slim fingers trembled as she tried to spread the butter on his pancakes. She made such a mess of it that Stevie took the knife and finished it himself. It made him feel a bit grown-up and sure of himself.

"When does he get here?" he asked, abruptly changing the subject. Stevie's mother pushed a stray wisp of hair from her eyes. They were a smiling brown, deep enough to accent the gold in her hair. She was slim and so small that their shoulders were on the same level. Stevie remembered that she had to look up at his father when they talked. Stevie knew she was the most beautiful woman in the world.



They found him crouched in the corner of the store

"Goodness, I need a permanent. I'd better make an appointment this morning. Let me see, today is Friday. This was sent yesterday. Heavens, if he's flying, he'll be here by Monday. I have a thousand things—isn't that just like Tim to let us know at the last minute. Honestly, I'd——," but she laughed instead of finishing the sentence.

Half way through breakfast, Stevie pushed his pancakes aside. There just wasn't any taste to them this morning. Besides, he'd suddenly realized that he wanted to be alone, all alone. He stood up and made a grab for his jacket.

His mother followed him to the door and gathered him in her arms. For a moment, Stevie felt safe. The throbbing seemed to vanish, and everything was as it was just a few short minutes ago.

"Now we're a family once more, Stevie. You and me and Dad. It's going to be just wonderful." And her eyes were shiny bright. . . .

"Hi Steve. I see you beat me to it this morning," came a sleepy familiar voice. The sun had crept higher and the water sparkled, so an hour must have passed. Stevie smiled at his father. Standing there, tall, tanned, and trim in his blue trunks, he resembled an Olympic champ rather than just an ordinary oil company executive.

"Lo," responded Stevie, mustering up

more enthusiasm than he felt. He turned his face to the sea. "Guess I woke up real early today."

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"Guess you didn't sleep much last night, either," replied Tim, searching his son's face. "Think you want to talk about it now?"

Stevie changed his position and stared over the water, past the rocks to an elongated dot moving imperceptibly on the horizon. "I—well, let's swim, dad. Let's swim out to that ship."

Tim's laugh floated over his shoulder as he raced for the turf. "That must be miles. You'd have to tote me back." The prospect made Stevie laugh too, just in time to catch the spray from his father's splashing feet.

Twenty minutes later, shouting and shaking like frisky spaniels, the boy and the man ran from the water. Sprinting up the beach, they aimed for a small cabin set apart from the others, almost as if to provide the privacy they sought.

Stevie placed the breakfast dishes on the table as Tim set about preparing the meal. His abilities in the kitchen were decidedly limited. "Guess you wish we had Mrs. Fox up here," laughed Tim.

Mrs. Fox was their new housekeeper, a buxom, friendly woman with a "green thumb" in the kitchen. Stevie appreciated her talents but saw no place for her on a "bachelor vacation." It didn't matter much that breakfast was a meager affair every morning—at least not too much. All that really mattered was not looking back. . . .

"YOU'll never be a brain, Stephen," bespectacled, young Brother Edward was reminding him for the tenth time that term. The class stared at Stevie, who felt a burning sensation begin to form just below his ears. The more they stared, the more it grew, until he felt it spreading hotly across his cheeks.

Allowing the first remark to sink in, Brother Edward added almost sadly, "I don't suppose you care very much, either." Jimmy Goggins giggled and a few others found that contagious. Brother Edward rapped sharply on the desk

Stevie was about to agree that he didn't care, but the city-wide swim meet was only a week off. A flunk in history would take him out of the competition. "I'll have to try harder," he said in low tones. They both knew he didn't really mean it.

A messenger from the principal's office interrupted with a summons for Stevie. Two men were waiting with Brother Thomas, who wore a strained expression on his usually jovial face.

"Sit down, Stephen," he said. "We have news for you, bad news, I'm afraid."

The first picture that flashed into Stevie's mind was of a tiny, silver plane falling down, down through dark, bottomless waters.

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He barely heard the voice. "She was driving very fast and couldn't stop in time. The coal truck smashed into the car. She didn't suffer, Stephen."

"She," yelled Stevie. "Who is she? What are you talking about?" He struggled to rise from the chair. Gentle, firm hands held him there. "Stephen, it's your mother. She was killed in an accident." . . .

"I THOUGHT we might go to a movie. Maybe have dinner at the fish place you like, then head for the drive-in. There's a John Wayne picture there," said Tim. "After that breakfast, we both need a good meal tonight. How about it?"

Stevie nodded. Man-like, they left the dishes on the table and strolled out to the sand lawn of the cottage. Kids were screaming and frolicking in the water now. The lifeguard was high on his perch. The ship on the horizon had long since disappeared. It was a hot, lazy, typical Ordono day.

Tim picked a patch of sand shaded by the house and sat down. His expression was mild, but the laughlines around his eyes and mouth didn't crinkle and his voice was tired. "Let's get it over with, Stevie. This hedging isn't going to help a bit. Why did you do it?"

The suddenness of it unnerved the boy and he took a step backward. "Do we have to talk about it now. Maybe—tomorrow?"

"No," said Tim, and it was the first time that Stevie had heard him speak so harshly. "Today, now, here. I think I've been patient enough for almost three weeks. Betty will be here in the morning, and I want it all straightened out by then."

Betty will be here in the morning! Stevie had to force his lips tight against a flood of protest. The woman he disliked, almost hated. Coming here to take over, with her talk of parties, parties, parties. The way she called everyone "darling." The way she looked at Tim. The way she smirked when they told Stevie they were to be married. The things she made Tim do and say, foolish things he'd never done or said when mother was here. The way she had made Tim forget!

It all reached a point where it seemed to explode in Stevie's mind and force the words from his lips. He heard himself shouting, "I'm not staying here if she comes. I don't care what happens. Send me to jail. It will be better there. I never want to see you or her again."

He turned and raced down the beach toward the high cliff which sheltered

Ordono, jutting far out into the Pacific. It offered escape and refuge, both of which Stevie needed desperately. . . .

The judge's room, they called it his chambers, was paneled in dark wood. It was far more forbidding and impressive than Brother Thomas' office. They sat around in red leather chairs, Judge Higgins, Brother Thomas, that Miss Benton who had been asking all those silly questions for days,—and Tim. Stevie didn't want to look at the puzzled, hurt expression on his father's face.

They talked about Stevie as if he weren't there. "Always one of the best-behaved boys at St. Joseph's," Brother Thomas was saying. "But then, after the accident he changed. Lost all interest in his studies, seemed to avoid his friends—even swimming didn't seem to mean as much to him."

"Typical reaction to shock," interrupted Miss Benton, a mouselike young lady who liked to use words that didn't have meaning for Stevie. "It should have worn off by now, though," she added with a glance in his direction.

"But why robbery?" asked Tim. "He didn't need anything. Since my wife was killed, we've had Mrs. Fox, a wonderful housekeeper. Stevie and I—well,

• Echo: The only thing that ever cheated a woman out of the last word.—Quote

it sounds trite but it's true—we've been pals." He looked at Stevie. "Isn't that so, son?"

Stevie nodded, but kept his eyes glued on Judge Higgins, a somber, grayhaired man who was drawing circles and straight lines in a fascinating design on his desk pad.

"And he won the 200-yard free style that night," interposed Brother Thomas. "You and the young lady were there, Mr. Manly. Stevie was very happy about that wasn't ,he?"

Tim's fingers tapped a noiseless tattoo on the chair arm. "Up to a point—yes."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Judge Higgins, showing interest for the first time.

"Well, after the meet we—Miss Simms, Stevie, and I—were having a snack to celebrate. That's when we told him about out forthcoming marriage. He just stared at us, didn't utter a word, then dashed out of the restaurant. We followed at once but couldn't find a trace of him."

"Later he broke into the supermarket two miles away," added Miss Benton, reading automatically from her notes. "They found him crouched in the back

of the store, crying and calling out for the police to send him to jail."

"Yes, yes, we know that," said the Judge, "but I didn't know you were planning to be married, Mr. Manly. Could this have some bearing on your boy's act?"

All eyes turned to Tim, "I-can't-see why. But it may. I just never thought of it that way," was Tim's flustered answer.

"Maybe we'd all better think of it that way," added Brother Thomas

Judge Higgins forgot his doodling and leaned forward. "Mr. Manly, from all I can learn of this case and from the probation report, your boy changed when his mother died. It's a perfectly natural reaction. But this resentment, this violence as a protest isn't natural. Perhaps you are partly to blame. Being "a pal" is one thing. Being a parent is quite another."

"Well-I-" began Tim and a deep flush covered his face. Remembering a day in his history class, Stevie felt very sorry for his father.

"Let me finish, please," said the Judge in a stern voice. "This seems to me to be as much your fault as your son's. Maybe more. You've repaid the supermarket for the damage. That isn't quite enough. There has been damage to your boy in a more serious way. Let's see what we can salvage there."

Stevie thought he saw tears in Tim's eyes, but there were so many in his own he couldn't be sure.

"I want you, Mr. Manly, to take Stevie off for a vacation. Just the two of you—say, for three weeks. Some place quiet where you can talk this out. This boy has got to stop running away—before it's too late. I want both of you back here one month from today—and," his voice became kindly again, "I want you to tell me that it isn't too late!"...

I T was midafternoon when Stevie dawdled down the cliffs and headed for the cottage. Inside, the dishes were washed and put away, the beds made, and the floor swept clear of sand. Tim was nowhere in sight. Stevie started to wash his face and hands.

Tim appeared in the doorway. "Saw you coming down from your mountain, Mohammed." he said with so much of the old gaiety that Stevie waited instead of answering. "I was over at Mitchell's making a phone call to L.A. How about a swim?"

"No," replied Stevie, "not now, Maybe we'd better talk things over."

"Swell," said Tim, stretching out on the cretonne settee. "Where do we start?"

"Well, about that supermarket," gulped Stevie. "That was stupid. I don't know why I did it. It just hap-

pened. I wasn't thinking-but I was awful mad."

"I know that," was Tim's answer. "But what hit you so hard? Was it really what Judge Higgins said?"

"I-guess-so. It's just, well, I don't like her, Dad. Don't marry her-please don't. She's not at all like mother. She's made you different, too." Stevie's voice was almost hysterical. "You've forgotten-"

Tm raised himself on one elbow. His tanned face was taut with worry, and there was a dampness around his temples. "What do you think I've forgotten, Stevie?"

"Mother," blurted the boy, "You've forgotten all about her. You haven't mentioned her in months. You spend your time with—her—instead." The tears glistened on the earnest, young face.

Tim walked over and put his arms around the boy, "You think I've forgotten? Stevie, I can never forget. Maybe you will; in time. But I've so much to remember. For more than half of our married life, Stevie, I lived on memories. I'm used to it now. That's why I don't say much about it. Memories are so real to me. I guess I can't talk about them. You're just breaking in—rather early, too. Sit down, Stevie."

"I met your mother while we were both in college. We had a great time then. Later I became a clerk in an oilcompany office. Money was scarce, but we were in love and it didn't seem important' to have money. Time was short too, though we didn't know it then. The war, then the chance in Egypt, which she wouldn't let me turn down. I wanted to take you two along, but she wanted you to go to St. Joe's. And she wanted to be nearby."

He leaned against the wall and lighted his pipe. The boy watched expressionless. He pressed his hands together tightly and waited.

"That was all right with me, Stevie, because you see I knew she was right. It would have been selfish of me to insist that you both go off to a foreign land. We were split up physically, but we were never really separated. No family ever is, unless the members want it to be."

"But Dad, I don't understand. If you feel this way, how can you-why-" Stevie was at a loss for words.

"You mean marry again," asked his father with a slow smile. "I don't suppose you do understand. Some day you will. In time we all understand things that often perplex us. God has His own way of showing us. Just as He gave mother to me and to you, He took her away. We don't understand why, but we know it was right that she go then."

Stevie looked intently at his father. There was no mistaking it this time. There were tears.

"But death hasn't ended anything for us, Sometimes I think it has brought us closer together. Certainly your mother is still part of our family. She's the

most important part now. We can't ever forget that. Even if Betty and 1 do get married—"

"If?" said Stevie.

"I mean when," corrected Tim with a side glance. "Betty is different from your mother in many ways. No two people can be exactly alike. She has good qualities which you know nothing about. You've been judging her by those which irritate you—and by the cruel comparison you've made."

STEVIE rose and walked to the sink, then turned on the tap. "Dad, what did the Judge mean when he said I'd have to stop running away before it's too late?"

"I think he meant you'll have to face whatever each day brings," said Tim thoughtfully. "Actually, we all do. You know how it is when your toes are gripping the edge of the pool just before a race. You hope for the best, say a quick prayer, and then work like blazes. You have to plunge in and keep moving."

"I ran away today, didn't I, Dad," asked Stevie. "Twice."

"Yes, you did. You tried to avoid an issue, but you couldn't. You see we had to face it. It wasn't so bad now, was it?"

"It's very funny;" said Stevie, his eyes on the ceiling where a lazy fly moved slowly and fearlessly. "This afternoon on the cliffs, I sort of felt all this. You know, just as if I knew that everything would work out right."

"Perhaps you'd run as far as you could. Stevie. There was nothing else for you to do up there but think things out. That meant coming back. It meant that you're growing up."

"I feel a little different," said Stevie stretching his brown arms forward.

"Not too old for a late afternoon swim, I hope," laughed Tim,

"Beat you in," yelled Stevie as he sprinted from the doorway.

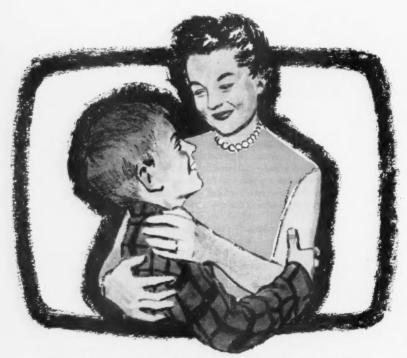
Far over the Pacific the sun was now tinting the sky a delicate orange, festooned with narrow, friendly, dark clouds. The ocean seemed at peace with itself. Huge, rolling waves crashed against the rocks with a caressing roar.

At the water's edge, Tim caught up with Stevie. "By the way, I called Betty while you were cliff-hanging this afternoon. She's not coming up tomorrow."

"Oh," said Stevie.

"Not tomorrow, not any other day. You see, Stevie, I've done some thinking up here, too. I guess Betty will be happier without us. I don't think we'd click as a family—do you?"

Stevie reached down and scooped water into Tim's face. "I don't think she could ever make pancakes likemother's. When you do get married, Dad, try to get one who can."



"Now we're a family once more, Stevie. You and me and Dad"

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG HOMEMAKERS

At Washington's Mackin High, girls can learn a thing or two they may not learn at home: how to cook, sew, and care for baby

THE WORD going about among young men in Washington, D. C., is that a Mackin girl is quite a catch. Reason for all the interest in the young women at Mackin High is rather simple: While other young ladies are eying careers in the business world, the girls from Mackin are busily preparing themselves for one of the world's most important careers—that of wife and mother.

In their Junior and Senior years at Mackin, which is run by the Sisters of the Holy Cross of Notre Dame, Indiana, the students spend a good deal of their time studying the finer points of homemaking. Cook-

ing, sewing, and caring for baby, shopping, budgeting, and keeping a family in vitamins are all important parts of a Mackin girl's training. Nor do the students satisfy themselves with theory alone. At regular intervals, the girls drop in at St. Ann's Infant Asylum and Maternity Home nearby to test their book learning on real, flesh-and-blood children. Here, they learn to wash, dress, and feed the tots. And, even more important, they learn something of the love that is constantly demanded of mothers.

Still wonder why Mackin girls are among the most popular around Washington?

Photos by Orlando-Three Lions

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HOW TO ENCOURAGE a child's creative urges is a skill that Mackin students learn quickly. While child paints, the girls observe what makes him tick



AFTER THE FUN, there is work to do. The student halpen. A young charge in the messy task of cleaning off the popular the

Courses stress that homemaking is a practical business ith

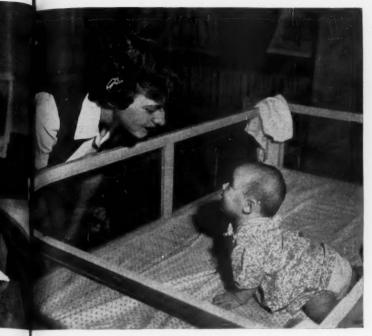


CULINARY SKILL, as husbands can attest, does not come with the grace of Matrimony. So Mackin girls study how to bake just to be sure



BAKING AND DECORATING a cake takes a bit of skill. And these girls of Mackin High show that they have what it takes

Hig gins young women for the important career of motherhood



dent heldern-AGER AND TOT strike up an acquaintance at St. Ann's orphanage. Girls the pateum that child depends on recognition of familiar surroundings for security



NUTRITION is not simply a matter of preparing wholesome meals, but also of getting the child to eat them

iess ith deep spiritual meaning



ABOVE—Ironing can be easy when you know how RIGHT—In Chapel, girls learn spiritual side

July, 1955

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BY HUGH B. CAVE

HE three men gazed at the island looming above their anchored schooner and wondered if Martin Newsam had indeed found the treasure. Could such things be? Had a worthless beachcomber, knowing nothing, outlucked the shrewdest fortune hunt-

ers in the South Pacific?

The treasure was here somewhere; they knew that. It had been interred here by the captain of a Milne Bay mining launch, back in the early days of the war, to keep the Japanese invaders from getting their hands on it.

There was a chest. And in the chest was gold enough to put a dozen men

on Easy Street. Its legal owners were dead. So was the man who had buried

Gerhardt, their leader, studied the island through binoculars. By heaven, part of the tale was true, at least! The house they'd heard about was real enough, standing there at the head of the ravine, crowning the tortuous ascent from the tiny strip of beach.

"We'll be forced to climb," declared Gerhardt unhappily. "I can't say I like the prospect."

"Then order him to come down," advised the surly Wilcox. "Tell him if he don't come peaceable, we'll go up

and fling him down." He turned and dropped into the schooner's cabin. When he returned with the rifles, he placed them in the tender.

In a few moments the three of them stepped out on the beach beneath the cliff.

"Hullo up there!" Wilcox shouted, cupping hands to mouth. "Newsam! Stand out and show yourself, y' worthless no-account!" From crag to crag his yell bounced like a rubber ball, until the thickets of verdant growth at the top absorbed it. Whereupon he pointed his rifle at the cloudless sky and squeezed the trigger. "That'll get

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ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR OLSON

him quick enough," he muttered among the echoes.

"There!" exclaimed Griffin. "By the clump of santan bushes! See him?"

They saw him—a smallish man, garbed in a rag of undershirt and well-worn, khaki trousers, standing like a gnome at the lip of the great, red gash in the sillside, squinting down at them. He sent a troubled glance at the ship before acknowledging their presence.

"Who are you?" Martin Newsam called then. "What do you want here?"
"You know what we want!" bellowed Wilcox. "Fetch it down and be quick about it!"

The man on the cliff top did not answer, at once. There he stood, seemingly alone on 'his island, hands on hips and bony elbows jutting like jughandles, scowling down at them through the brilliance of the morning. Afraid? He had a right to be, certainly—a little man in his sixties, a nobody, confronted here by three men with as black a record for violence as could be found the South Seas over. But his voice, when heard at last, was oddly resolute. "I have nothing for you. Go away."

"Ha!" muttered Gerhardt shrewdly. "He has found it, d'ye see? Otherwise he'd make us welcome. He's found it and he's afraid of us."

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Wilcox looked up, scowling. "You're a fool to defy us, Newsam!" he shouted. "We're armed!" He raised his gun.

But there was no target. The man above had stepped behind his screen of pink and yellow flowers. Only the clatter of a dislodged bit of rock in the ravine confirmed the fact that he had been there at all.

"Well," said Gerhardt with a shrug, "we'll have to climb."

It was no easy path. Upward they toiled in single file, at times resting in blessed shade where the ravine bit deep into the cliff; more often broiling in the blast of the sun where the path, such as it was, curved back above the sea. They were determined men, though. Half the ascent lay behind them before the gnome-like figure of Martin Newsam appeared again.

"I warn you!" he shouted. "You are not welcome here!"

"Ignore him," advised Griffin. "No. Put a bullet by his head to shut him up. You, Wilcox. You're the best shot."

They paused, and Wilcox steadied his rifle at his beefy shoulder. Carefully he took aim. The echoes of the shot rattled like rain through the rayine.

The effect was not quite what they had expected. The little man on the brink did not fly for cover. To be sure, he hesitated an instant—he

seemed to tremble—but then he thrust himself into the open, snatched at the ground, and rose with a stone in his hand.

Before they could recover from their amazement, the stone had whistled down through the sunlight and shadow to thud against Wilcox's chest. The astonished Wilcox dropped his rifle and fell backward with an oath.

Martin Newsam was not slow to seize his advantage. Industriously he picked up stones and hurled them. "Go away!" he screamed. "Go away!" But if his cries were frenzied, his aim was accurate.

There was no facing up to that barrage, even for the brief moment needed to aim a gun. Not in such an exposed position. Caught in a hurricane of missiles, the three men on the cliffside abandoned their rifles, flung up their hands to protect their heads, turned tail, and ran. Ran for their lives.

Griffin, last in line, cursed the stumbling Wilcox ahead of him and sought to pass. He stumbled himself and fell the last forty feet through space to lie crumpled in a dusty thicket at the bottom. The others, luckier, reached the beach, and there they turned.

THEY turned to shake clenched fists at the man above—to shout at him in their rage that they were not done with him but would be back. But they were silent. Martin Newsam was not alone now. About him clustered a knot of brown-skinned warriors who appeared ready, eager, to do his bidding.

Gerhardt and Wilcox thought better of their challenge and dragged themselves to the boat which had brought them. Newsam they could have handled. But not Newsam and a bodyguard of natives.

The man on the cliff watched the schooner depart, and then he spoke gently to the islanders at his side. Descending the path, they found the abandoned Griffin groaning in his thicket and bore him back up to the house. At Martin Newsam's direction, they laid him on a palm-leaf mat.

All that day the injured Griffin lay semiconscious. Next day, with his host's help, he was able to stagger to a chair. There he sat cursing his faithless companions and his luck and gazing curiously about him.

On a table against the wall, in full view, stood a large wooden chest encircled with straps of rusty iron. Pretending not to notice it, he affected an interest in the comings and goings of the natives.

"You've a nice place here," he said at last. "People seem to be friends of yours, the whole lot of them. How's that?"

"I'm a friend of theirs," replied Martin Newsam softly.

"Eh? How's that? They've a reputation for being devils."

"Quite. So I'm the first white man who ever came here in friendship. And knowing nothing of whites, they judged me by my actions—not by the importance of past accomplishments or the size of my bank account. It's very simple, really. No one ever told them I'm a nobody, you see, and so I'm somebody. I'm me."

RIFFIN let it pass. He knew what he knew—the natives of the island were a treacherous lot, not to be trusted. He suspected they were only waiting for the right time to assert themselves. Perhaps their gods hadn't spoken yet, or the moon was not the right color. Who in heaven's name would ever choose for a friend a worthless beach-comber?

"What do you mean to do with me?"
"I've asked them to take you to Tagula."

Griffin turned pale and became voluble. "I don't trust these people!" he shouted. "Just because you were lucky enough to stumble on the treasure, you think you've won them over? You think you're a sort of king here? Newsam, you're insane!"

He struggled from his chair and thumped the iron-bound chest with his fist. "You believe this is yours?" he went on. "You hope to get away from here with it? I tell you they'll have it from you before you've dragged it to the beach!"

Martin Newsam heard him out and then smiled. It was an odd sort of smile, gentling his whole face—the smile of a man come home to rest after a long and difficult and often lonely journey.

"But," he said, "why should they take it away when they gave it to me in the first place?"

"Gave?" gasped Griffin. "They gave it to you?" Stunned, he sank onto his chair again. "But why? Why?"

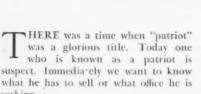
"Perhaps because I came here looking for something quite different." said Martin Newsam quietly. "The chest is only a symbol, Mr. Griffin. I defended it, to be sure, as any man would defend his home against invasion by thieves. But—shall I tell you something?"

Here, with a smile, Martin Newsam paused to glance toward the doorway where two sturdy islanders silently stood waiting, with paddles in their hands, to escort the man of violence back to civilization.

"Shall I tell you something?" murmured the little beachcomber again, leading his guest to the threshold. "I have never opened that chest. I never intend to."

God and the Patriot

by KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.



Our suspicions are not entirely without a basis. Patriotism is frequently used as a front. It is a mask for petty politicians and well-dressed scoundrels. Under the guise of patriotism walks a multitude of private vices and national sins. Then there is that strange phenomenon, the professional patriot. He may or may not be wealthy, but his claim to fame is his patriotism. He is an incurable speech-maker and an inveterate flagwaver. If anyone but lightly nods at him, he is off with bunting and banners and an expanded version of the Gettysburg Address. Never is a statue unveiled, a tape cut, or a building dedicated without his presence. But his patriotism is shallow. In fact, his patriotism is just as deep as it serves his own personal ambition.

All of this is unfortunate because it makes a virtue, a true virtue, appear as a pose, a posture assumed for vanity's sake. It is always sad when a virtue is thrown into disrepute by its counterfeit. There is the difficulty of trying to convince people that it is quite possible to be truly patriotic. They have seen so much of the shadow that they have persistent doubts about the substance.

The Church has taught from the beginning that patriotism is a virtue. Now if patriotism is a virtue, it should, like all virtues, be rewarded in heaven. God will do just that. He will reward in heaven those who were truly patriotic on earth. True patriotism is pleasing to God.

Patriotism is not something we can choose to cultivate or choose to do without. It is not the same as choosing between going golfing or not going golfing. We have a duty to be patriotic, a duty for which God will hold us responsible, a duty whose unfulfillment God will punish. For instance, the

soldier who, because he fears for his life, flees from his post contrary to the orders of his commanding officer, sins against the virtue of patriotism. He sins against God as well as against his country. We are bound by civil laws to defend our country. The law of God also binds us to defend our country. The authority invested in our government comes from God. We must be subject to it not merely because we fear the punishment the state might inflict. As St. Paul says, not to be subject to the lawful authority of the state is to make oneself guilty in the eyes of God.

THE reverence and respect we owe our country is comparable to that we owe our parents. We are rightly called sons and daughters of our country, for it is the fatherland and we are its children. That would seem to indicate the duty of being solicitous for the welfare of the country, either on the national or the local level, as we are solicitous for the welfare of our parents. Seen in this light, voting is something more than a right-a right for which we are willing to pay with our blood, but, paradoxically, a right we will not take the trouble to exercise because it means the effort of walking three blocks to the polls. For the true patriot, voting is a duty. It is a matter of principle, even further, a matter of virtue, for him to inform himself and go to the polls each time an election is held, whether the issue is the election of the village mayor or the president of the country.

But there is patriotism and there is patriotism. Patriotism is a true virtue and a great virtue, but it is not the greatest virtue, as we are sometimes led to believe. We owe reverence and obedience to our country. However, we never forget that our country is not a great god, not even a little god. It is made up of human beings who sometimes act in ways that do not quite attain the human. The true patriot does not think it degrading to his homeland to believe, repeat, and insist upon the words of Lincoln: "It is the duty of nations as well as of men to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God." With Lincoln he recognizes that nations, like individuals, are capable of sin. He knows that at times God permits our nation to be afflicted with war or fear of war because of "our presumptuous (national) sins," that on occasion it is well for us as a nation to "humble ourselves before the offended Power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness." These are the words of Lincoln. He was a true patriot because he loved the greatness of America and did not permit that love to blind him to her very real faults. He was a true patriot because he knew that, glorious as is our country, it does not stand above God, nor equal with God, but beneath God and subject

Therefore I think neither patriotically nor rationally, nor in accord with virtue, if I hold that what my country does is right and just simply because my country does it, that the state is bound by no laws except those of its own making, that the protests of other nations against our national policies are necessarily uncalled for or prejudiced. Nor do I think rationally when I forget that for the Egyptian and the Indian and the Chinaman, patriotism is also a virtue pleasing to God. The patriot is always and everywhere a son of his country, but that makes him no less a member of the whole human race.

THIS is important for our growth in holiness. Love is not divisible. We love our country, we serve it, we will die for it. But this love is neither divorced nor distinct from our love of God. From the love of God all other loves flow, and in the love of God all other loves find their ultimate strength. with more courage because we love God We love America with more passion and above all things and because this God gave us America, and He loves it too.

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LADY IN WAITING

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by Jude Mead, C.P.

From her conception to her death, Mary's occupation was waiting



WOOD ENGRAVING BY BRUNG BRAMANTI

"At the Cross, her station keeping"

THE fifth sorrow of Mary is the Crucifixion and death of Jesus. This is the supreme hour of her Compassion. It is her hour of martyrdom. The Church salutes Our Blessed Lady as the Queen of Martyrs precisely because of the supreme anguish she endured as she stood beneath the cross of the Lord.

In his moving opera, *The Consul*, Gian Carlo Menotti has a haunting refrain and compelling scene in which his feminine lead, worn out by incessant waiting, gives the following questionnaire about herself.

"What is my name? Woman."

"The color of my hair? Gray."
"The color of my eyes? The color of tears."

"My age? Still young."

"My occupation? Waiting."

How remarkably well might this description of every woman who waits and suffers and endures be applied to Our Lady, who for all time stands with the greatest of all sorrows under the spreading branches of the tree of the Cross on which hangs the agonizing body of her only Son.

What is her name? Woman. For so Jesus addresses her from the heights of the Cross. "Woman, behold thy Son. Son, behold thy mother." (John 19:36) And this term, "woman," as it appears here and in the narrative of the wedding feast at Cana, is a term of deepest respect. It conveys the full impact of an English equivalent, My Lady. Mary is indeed a Lady in waiting, as she takes her station forever beside her Son, whether on earth, on Calvary, or in heaven.

What is the color of her hair? Gray. Despite all the modern beauty aids to erase the graying of a woman's hair. there is nothing in life with the dignified beauty of a woman whose hair is graying. It is, as it were, the crown of her many sorrows. It is the halo of her sufferings. It is the mark of her perseverance, her honesty, her victory over herself and the obstacles which have cluttered her path. Sometimes it is the crown of old age. Most times it is the crown of wisdom. And yet not seldom is it the price of some immediate and striking grief. Marie Antoinette in prison and awaiting death, fearing for the safety of her husband and children. woke up to find her hair had turned white in a single night of anxiety. Surely, then, we can imagine that Our Blessed Lady, as she stood in waiting at the foot of the Cross, even though still only in her early middle age, was marked with that graying hair which was her claim on sorrow and tragedy.

And the color of Mary's eyes? Surely the color of tears. No mother ever endured the sorrow that Mary had. In her grief there were no dramatic excesses. There were only the silent tears of one who grieves deeply because she loves deeply. The tear-filled eyes of Mary look up at Jesus on the Cross. Their soft caress joins Mother and Son in sorrow and communicates to each other the strength that love alone can give. There is indeed a language of the eyes which is more communicative than speech. The eyes, says the poet, are the windows of the soul: and the tearful eyes of Jesus and Mary reveal better than tongue or pen the message of two souls "sorrowful unto death."

The age of Mary? Still young, indeed. With the perennial youth of innocence. With the joyful youth of those who go to the altar of the God who gives joy and youth to His servants. Now, centuries later, Mary is still young, forever so in heaven, but still the Mother of Sorrows who stood by the Cross of Jesus. Mary was almost a child when she became a mother. She was still young when Simeon told her that a

sword would pierce her soul. Now, at the Cross, her youthful maturity makes her all the more lovely-mother-lovely. In the Middle Ages, painters and stained-glass artists loved to represent Mary as an evergreen tree, the tree which stands rooted in the earth but with hands extended upward to heaven. No matter what the season, it is constant. It remains youthfully vigorous even when assaulted by the winds of winter and the storms of summer. It is a symbol of the fidelity of Mary, of the constancy of Mary, of the youth of Mary and her unchanging love of Jesus. Thus, beneath the Cross, Mary must also be saluted as the Virgin Most Faithful, for when all others forgot the promises of Jesus, when all others were shaken in their faith, weakened in their hope, and lacking in love, Mary's tearful eyes looked beyond Calvary's mystery of pain to the promised mystery of Christ's final triumph.

And now Mary's occupation? Waiting. Nothing so characterizes the whole life of Mary as waiting. From her childhood, she waited for the will of God in her behalf. At the Annunciation, she waited on the word of God. She waited until Christmas day to see her God Incarnate. She waited her whole life for the sacrifice that was to come under the

figure of the sword of sorrow which gave way to the most acute reality of sorrow as she waited beneath the Cross Surely we can designate Our Blessed Mother in her life, her work, and her sorrow as the Lady in waiting. And Mary's waiting was not only for three hours beneath the Cross. Nor for three days while Christ was in the tomb. Nor for forty days of reunion. Nor for the long years until she was assumed into heaven. Mary's waiting is for all time as she waits on and for the souls of all poor sinners, the most dear children of her transpierced heart. The liturgy s lutes Jesus at His Crucifixion. Mary as she waits beneath the Cross, is said to have endured her own parallel trans fixion. And the supreme sorrow of Mary's mortal life came when Jesus bowed His head and died. No one is time or eternity appreciated so well the life of Jesus. Therefore no one in time or eternity could grieve so deeply over that death. Pope St. Leo tells us that Jesus on the Cross was the Light of the World, set in a candlestick for all men to see and behold. None saw as well not beheld as clearly as Mary. And at the death of Jesus when the light of the world went out and darkness covered the earth, none knew the intensity of the darkness more perceptibly.

Everywhere Christians see the crucifix. It graces our altars and surmounts our churches and cathedrals. It is in our homes, our rooms, on our beads. We see it wherever we look. But do we see it as it is? There is only one way to understand this symbol of the Passion of Christ, and that is through the eyes of Mary in her fifth sorrow. As Mary stands beneath the Cross she willingly accepts her own sacrifice and unites it most tenderly with the sacrifice of Jesus. Thus Mary is our teacher. She teaches us how to bear sorrow. She shows us how to share sorrow. And above all she shows us that even when we can only stand and wait, we can merit grace to endure our own sufferings and carry our own cross, and at the same time by so doing we can help others to accept their sufferings. Thus Mary is our model. Mary, the Lady in Waiting at the Cross, is waiting on Jesus but also waiting for us.

The crusaders saw in the hilt of their swords the sign of the cross. This is a constant theme in the hour books of the Middle Ages. They saw in the cross-sword their protection and help. Mary in her fifth sorrow sees that her sword is indeed the cross, the cross which is to us her children a protection and help. And just as the cross-sword pierced the heart of Mary, she now uses it to spare her children. And, as she waited for Our Redeemer, this Lady is now in waiting for us.

THE MIRROR

(To Karen, age 6)

by GEO. WARBURTON LEWIS

Vivid are the thoughts I trace
In the mirror of your face.
Your bright eyes, like skies and seas,
Flash the magic moods of these,
Sleep and wake and laugh and darkle,
After tears more brightly sparkle,
Widen at wise words and odd:
Your eyes are the gift of God.
None but He, in one deft touch.
Could reflect so wonderous much,
Make a mirror—your sweet face—
That would picture His own grace.

FIREBUILDER

by HELEN HARRINGTON

God is a master fire builder. He knows the day that there is need for it; what wood to use for kindling; and He gently blows upon the spark till flame takes hardihood and burns bright of itself. I know of men who made quick blaze for His emergency and others, slow to start, who held heat when cold nights were slow. There is no debris to God; each stick has value and will glow given His touch. He can strike a light out of a cranny that will spread and grow from any fuel, eager to ignite.

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Stage and

Screen

The New Plays

"Old timers" who remember SEVENTH HEAVEN as a movie vehicle for the dewy-eyed Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell will find the footlight musical version of the Austin Strong play a distinct disappointment. Whatever delicacy and tenderness the movie offered has been cast aside and replaced with vulgarity, highly suggestive dance routines, and dialogue which often verges on the obscene. Gloria De Haven and Ricardo Montalban, as the prostitute and sewer worker who find "love" in a Parisian garret, meet the slight demands of their roles capably, but one wonders why they are willing to involve themselves in this type of production. Mediocrity is the keyword for the score and bad taste the foundation stone for the entire project.

DAMN YANKEES is a musical with a baseball background, a yen for suggestiveness in its choreography, and a rather unfortunate approach in depicting the Devil. It can be argued that this is fantasy and therefore anything goes. However, in this case the argument is specious, and the interpretation of Satan verges close to making him the actual hero of the evening. He is charming, suave, polished, even likable, and the nominal hero of the piece finds he can be bargained with and then outsmarted. Our hero is a middleaged rooter for the Washington Senators, a rabid fan who barters his soul for a chance to help his favorite team. A genteel Satan appears on the scene, transforms our boy into

by JERRY COTTER

a lithe, vigorous young man of twenty-two, and guides him and the Senators to top spot in the pennant race. Gwen Verdon, a dancer who plays her role as Devil's aide to the hilt, Stephen Douglass, Ray Walston, Ray Shafer, and Shannon Bolin are featured in this objectionable musical which is tops as a baseball yarn, but overly concerned with salacious comedy and the mistaken notion that there is something cute, clever, and funny in its special approach to the matter of eternal damnation. The batting average ranges from 1000 to .0000.

INHERIT THE WIND has many big-powered dramatic scenes as it retells the highlights of the Scopes Trial in slightly veiled terms. When a young teacher is accused of breaking Tennessee law by expounding the Darwin theory in class, a noted criminal lawyer is hired to defend him. For the prosecution, there is silver-tongued William Jennings Bryan. Needless to add, this interpretation of the headlined conflict tilts the scales in favor of Clarence Darrow's impassioned defense of "freedom" to be a non-conformist. In the name of "progress" and "enlightened thought," authors Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, create a martyr of their free-swinging pedant and a hero of his iconoclastic defense lawyer. Staged with imagination and vigor, acted with exceptional brilliance by Paul Muni, Ed Begley, and their supporting company, this tense drama rates a sturdy bravo on technical grounds. Its interpretations and its philosophy are open to lengthy debate.

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Summer Playguide

The following ratings include plays current on Broadway, those now touring the country, and productions scheduled to be presented in summer theaters:

FOR THE FAMILY:

Bamboo Cross; Jenny Kissed Me; Late Arrival; Mrs. McThing; Peter Pan; Slightly Delinquent; The Song of Norway; Ten Little Indians; That Winslow Boy

FOR ADULTS:

Anastasia; The Boy Friend; By the Beautiful Sea: Caine Mutiny Court Martial; Charley's Aunt; The Cocktail Party; The Confidential Clerk; Craig's Wife; Dark is Light Enough; Days Without End; Dial M For Murder; The Desperate Hours; The Flowering Peach; The Glass Menagerie; Gramercy Ghost; Harvey; Home is the Hero; The Honeys; I Remember Mama: The Inspector Calls; The King and I; King of Hearts; Late Love; Life with Father; Life with Mother; The Living Room: Me and Juliet; My Three Angels; Oklahoma; Ondine; Reclining Figure; Sandhog; Sabrina Fair; Solid Gold Cadillac; The Strong are Lonely: Southwest Corner; The Saint of Bleecker Street: The Teahouse of the August Moon; Three for Tonight; Time Out for Ginger; A Trip to Bountiful: The Wayward Saint; Witness for the Prosecution; Wonderful Town

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE:

About Mrs. Patterson: Affairs of State: All Summer Long; Ankles Aweigh; Anna Lucasta; Annie Get Your Gun; Anniversary Waltz; Bell, Book and Candle; Black Chiffon; Black Eyed Susan; Blithe Spirit; Brigadoon: Burlesque; The Bad Seed; Champagne Complex; The Country Girl; The Fifth Season; The Fragile Fox; The Fourposter; The Frogs of Spring; The Grand Prize; Gigi; A Girl Can Tell; The Girl in Pink Tights; The Golden Apple; Goodbye My Fancy; Guys and Dolls; The Happy Time; The Hasty Heart; Hazel Flagg; Hit the Trail; Inherit the Wind; Kismet; Kind Sir; The Little Foxes; The Male Animal: Member of the Wedding; Oh Men, Oh Women; On Your Toes; One Eye Closed; Plain and Fancy; Porgy and Bess; Portrait in Black; Portrait of a Lady; The Rainmaker; The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker; The Seven-Year Itch; The Shrike; Silk Stockings; South Pacific; The Tender Trap; Tonight in Samarkand; Traveling Lady; Wedding Breakfast; The Winner

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE:

All in One; Bus Stop; Camino Real: Can-Can; Cat on a Hot Tin Roof: The Constant Wife; Clutterbuck: Damn Yankees; Dear Charles; Fanny; For Love or Money; Good Night Ladies; House of Flowers; I Am Camera; The Immoralist; Lunatics and Lovers; Mlle. Colombe; Maid in the Ozarks; Nina; Quadrille; The Pajama Game; Pajama Tops; Pal Joey; Picnic; Quadrille; The Rose Tattoo; Seventh Heaven; A Streetcar Named Desire; Summer and Smoke: Take a Giant Step; Tea and Sympathy; Time of the Cuckoo; Voice of the Turtle

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Oklahoma!

There is a twin historical significance to the presentation of OKLAHOMA! on the new Todd-AO panoramic screen process. The Rodgers-Hammerstein musical comedy, which revolutionized that field of the theater and became an American classic in the bargain, has been superbly interpreted on a screen that offers new concepts of dimension in panoramic shots of unusual beauty and striking composition.

Much, if not most of the Oklahoma! appeal derives from the fascinating score, ranging from the pink-cheeked "Oh. What a Beautiful Morning!" to the radiant "People Will Say We're in Love" and the rousing title song. Interpreting them in visual terms involves certain technical hazards which fortunately have been hurdled. The credit goes to Director Fred Zinneman and the players who have been corralled for the event: Gordon MacRae; Shirley Jones, a pert newcomer who takes over the role created by Joan Roberts; Charlotte Greenwood; Gene Nelson; Bambi Lynn; Eddie Albert; and Barbara Lawrence. Just as in the stage original, this is strictly an adult show. The dance sequences, some of the lyrics, and the plot line are less than suitable for the youngsters. This is a point we shall discuss in detail next month. (Magna-Todd-AO)



Bob Hope as Eddie Foy takes his famed offspring to the beach in this scene from "The Seven Little Foys"

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MISTER ROBERTS, with John Ford directing and a cast of superior players in key roles, emerges as a rollicking chronicle of the wartime Navy, marred unnecessarily by the retention of suggestive scenes and dialogue from the stage version. Though the script has been scrubbed somewhat, a sufficient amount of off-color material remains so that this must be graded an unsatisfactory voyage. The Thomas Heggens' story of life aboard a grimy supply ship is realistic, often hilarious, and technically excellent, with Henry Fonda, James Cagney, William Powell, Jack Lemmon, Ward Bond, Betsy Palmer, and Phil Carey in the leading roles. (Warner Bros.)

Reviews in Brief

Another era is represented in the swashbuckling MOON-FLEET, an eeric drama on Cornish smuggling in the seventeenth century. Stewart Granger, cast as leader of the gang, finds himself unwilling guardian to a ten-year-old lad with an inquisitive mind and robust spirit. There is an evident straining for gruesome photographic effects and a constant stirring of sympathy for the dissolute hero. Granger's performance is in the derring-do mold, but he is overshadowed by young Jon Whiteley, a lad of serious mien and seemingly untapped acting ability. Viveca Lindfors is badly miscast, and Joan Greenwood is either forced into, or content with, one inscrutable expression in this mediocre melodrama which succeeds in stumbling in all the wrong places. (M-G-M)

As father of **THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS**, Bob Hope dominates a story that is rich in charm, entertainment, and humor. In one sense it is the best performance Hope has yet delivered, for he subordinates the wisecracking and cheap gags for a characterization which is both sympathetic and colorful. Whether he is a faithful interpreter is one for the historians and the now-grown Foys to evaluate, but he does give the role unsuspected warmth and a toned-down Hope. Milly Vitale is also excellent as his lovely Italian

bride, and the youngsters who play their seven offspring do it with realistic bounce. Large doses of nostalgia from yesteryear's vaudeville add to the fun. (Paramount)

Another aspect of war at sea is covered by THE SEA CHASE, a slick, taut, adult drama filmed in and around the Hawaiian Islands. John Wayne is cast as a German ship captain, anti-Nazi but loyal to the Fatherland, who outmaneuvers the entire British Navy in the opening days of World War II. Outwitting the enemy while involved in an internecine clash on his own ship, the captain makes it from Australia to Norway before the Royal Navy appears on the horizon. John Farrow directed this turbulent melodrama with a fine appreciation of the rugged atmosphere and the heightening suspense. Romantic complications, introduced in the person of Lana Turner as a Nazi agent, are minor distractions to the basic theme. In mishandling a suicide episode the film makes a serious misstep, and a regrettable one, earning a partly objectionable rating. (Warner Bros.)

LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME wanders back to the frenzies, frenetic, speakeasy era when gin, guns, and music produced headlines and headliners. This is the story of Ruth Etting, a singer who traded integrity, freedom, and love for mercurial fame and alliance with a vicious, embittered mobster. The Etting success was not an inspiring one, and this version presents the plain facts. Suggestiveness and acceptance of divorce consign it to the partly objectionable category and the basic tone of the script underscores that rating. Doris Day is splendid in the unsympathetic role of the girl who traded all for a marquee listing, and James Cagney, a natural selection for the undersized, tough-talking racketeer, handles a familiar assignment with ease. (M-G-M)

James Stewart handles the rugged role of a sagebrush wanderer with his usual conviction in THE MAN FROM LARAMIE. Though the plotting is along conventional lines, there are some surprises along the trail, plus a fulsome quota of eye-filling photography, and virile portrayals by Stewart, Donald Crisp, Arthur Kennedy, and Alex Nicol. Adventure fans of every age will bracket this with the year's top movie excitements. (Columbia)



Luis Van Rooten, Dick Davalos, and Tab Hunter, crew members of German freighter in "The Sea Chase"



★ Scene from play presented by St. Michael's College Playhouse, one of country's leading summer playshops

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Success of "Ozark Jubilee" proves country music is coming into its own



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Fess Parker as "Davy Crockett," new idol of the younger set

Ken Murray edits film for his new show, "Where Were You?"



Radio and Television

by JOHN LESTER

Showmen all over America are saying he'll be bigger than "Hopalong Cassidy," the biggest out-of-doors hero of all.

They're referring to Fess Parker, in case you haven't heard, the new idol of the nation's younger set, the "Davy Crockett" of TV and motion pictures, with radio, records, personal appearances, and endorsements by the hundreds ready and waiting.

What the future will bring always remains to be seen, of course, but it's plain Parker is plenty big right now and getting bigger by the minute, just as he has been since hitting TV screens hard with an appearance on ABC-TV's sensational Disneyland series several months ago. Fess played "Davy Crockett," the fabulous Tennessee backwoodsman who became a Texan, and one of those "naturals" happened: the part was perfect for the man and the man was perfect for the part.

Fess-the name is an old English

word meaning "proud"—is six-feet-five-inches tall and weighs 210 pounds. He has a pleasant, rough-hewn face that's slightly Lincolnesque in character. His long arms crook a squirrel rifle naturally and easily, his long legs give him a ground-devouring, loping gait, and his leanness lends itself perfectly to buckskins. In fact, in appearance, the twenty-eight-year-old Texas-born Parker is an amazingly accurate throw-back to the frontiersman-type.

This appearance, coupled with Parker's understanding of the character and role of "Davy Crockett," adds up to a great piece of acting. I don't say Fess Parker is a great actor—I can't, since I've never seen him in anything else—but he's great acting "Davy Crockett." The nation's youngsters were quick to sense Parker's complete immersion in and understanding of his role and accepted him immediately. As if by magic the word spread and small-fry by the millions were demanding more of "Davy

Crockett," their new, purely American hero, and they let Walt Disney know it in no uncertain terms.

Now, Walt has one of the biggest hits of all on his hands. Only three forty-five minute 'Crockett' films were planned for TV originally, but the demand has been so great there'll be more "Crockett" films for both TV and theaters. Meanwhile, "Davy Crockett" coonskin caps, moccasins, clothes, toy guns, books, records, tents, and what-have-you are selling by the millions, and the end is far from being in sight.

This is another example of the walloping impact of television, when quality and integrity are involved and, as you must know, these are sacred bywords in the Disney organization.

"That" Music Again

It may surprise the average city dweller to learn that "country" or "hillbilly" music already comprises the largest single programing type in broadcasting and that considerable expansion is now under way to eventually add to this distinction.

For the scoffers, the stuffed shirts, and all those who think country music is something for the cows and chickens, let me point out that leading students of our civilization consider it a typically American art form and some even contend it is the only art form we, as a people, have produced so far. Like it or not, however, country music is very big on radio these days and is spreading to TV. There even exists an organization called "Radiozark Enterprises" that's dedicated to the spread of country music to all radio and TV.

In fact, the organization boasts it will "reach every deer lick, rabbit warren, and 'hawg waller'" in the world with country music, one of these days. To date, it has seen to it that more than 1,000 radio stations in the U. S. and Canada carry country music programs, featuring stars like "Red" Foley, Tennessee Ernie Ford, and Smiley Burnette, among others. All have greater audiences on radio than Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Arthur Godfrey, or any city slicker stars you might care to name.

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ore eaonns, ou adalLately, an "Ozark Jubilee" segment featuring country music and some of its stars was picked up by ABC-TV. The program has been doing such land-office business the web is considering adding to its time and picking up others just like it. But this is only the tender beginning. Wait until this stuff really gets rolling.

"Carta" Looks Good

America's rich and influential broadcasting industry may soon feel the leavening influence on a continuing and organized basis of a group known as "CARTA," The Catholic Apostolate of Radio, Television, and Advertising.

If and when "CARTA" happens on a nation-wide scale, its influence will be both extensive and highly beneficial, provided, of course, all concerned observe its stated aims and purposes.

The idea has just begun to catch on, although it dates back about six years to a monthly communion-breakfast group organized at NBC in New York. Soon Catholics on other networks and independent stations, as well as agencies and other allied fields, heard about the group and asked to join. Membership went from a few hundred to about 1500 and things continued to roll along more or tless smoothly, but without either organization or direction.

Then, last spring, Very Rev. Msgr. Edwin B. Broderick, the Director of Radio and TV for the Archdiocese of New York, the first post of its kind, by the way, envisioned something better for this loosely knit group of Catholics in key places. An organization approximating the present "CARTA" was outlined and discussed with influential members of the communion-breakfast body, who liked it and eventually saw it adopted.

Today, "CARTA" is a year old and has more than 2500 members in every field and phase of broadcasting in the New York area. It has its own officers but no dues or membership fee of any kind, although it does have a full schedule of lively activities, some annual, others more frequent, including communion-breakfasts, lectures, boat rides, and cocktail parties.

Now under the direction of Father Timothy J. Flynn, "CARTA" has clearly defined aims. It is not a pressure group, either incipient or actual, nor is it merely a professional social organization. It is the intention of "CARTA" members "to be more conscious of ourselves as Catholics to the

end that we might be a force for edification in the industry that provides our livelihood and that reaches out and influences so extensively the world about us."

No More Comedy

Ever since Ken Murray gave up his Saturday night comedy-variety hour on CBS-TV about four years ago, folks have been asking when he'll revive it or, at least, if and when he'll return to TV with something similar. The answer is, I don't think Ken will ever do comedy-variety again. It's too tough and, being a rich man, he doesn't have to work that hard any more. More important is the fact that Ken now has a TV series called Where Were You? that's giving him some of "the greatest thrills" of his life.

Distribution of Where Were You?, a weekly, half-hour, filmed series, began last fall and it's now seen in some 100 cities throughout the U.S. and Canada. It's a serious dramatic presentation of highlights in the lives of famous people from all walks of life, a kind of capsule biography of well-known men and women. Gen. Claire Chennault, of "Flying Tiger" fame; Dr. Ralph Bunche; Ty Cobb; and Dr. Lee De Forrest. one of the fathers of radio, have been among those featured so far.

The idea was born several years ago when Murray began making a film for his children titled You Should Live So Long, designed to cover every important event from the year of his birth, 1903. This entailed editing extensive newsreel footage, much of which can't be duplicated anywhere at any price. Eventually, he considered the possibility of showing the films on TV for the benefit of the general public. He added some production, changed the name, and it came out Where Were You?, a good show.

PRIZE-WINNERS—Paddy Chayefsky, one of the foremost young writers of TV, with Academy Award winner Eva Marie Saint, another TV product, during play rehearsal



THE ORIGINAL—Before Sullivan, the "smiling man" of broadcasting was Jack Smith, singer who returned to air recently as emcee of the revised "Welcome Travelers" TV program



THE CHIEF—Walter Greaza as the head of U. S. Treasury Department agents who investigate engrossing official file cases seen on "Treasury Men in Action", popular TV series





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WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF LOVING

OD has been very lavish with us! I am forty. As "life begins" I am taking a look back. Particularly am I taking a look at the last twenty years, at our ten children. The oldest is in her first year of training at a Catholic hospital in Philadelphia; the youngest just had his first haircut. There is an average of about two years between each of them, and when they are together, the five boys and five girls, they make quite a roomful-a complete crosssection of small-fry life.

My husband is a Sergeant in the State Police. He is a good, tough cop, if I do say it myself, and after twentyfive years in the outfit, himself in uniform still does something to me. Speaking of uniforms, he tells me that whenever he is measured for new ones. Mike and Abe, who measured him way back in the beginning, still do the measuring. And every time they remember, and say the same things to him. They ask him does he remember how slim-waisted he used to be, and what a hard time they had to get it just right for that slim waist. And they ask him "How many is it now?", and he brings them up to date on how many there are now.

And then they always tell him that is good; he is the smart one; that is the way to live.

Incidentally, he has the distinction of having more children than has any other man in the outfit. It is doubtless considered a dubious distinction by some. In the outfit, as elsewhere, there are the ones who have one or two children, and who feel that they cannot afford to have any more and still "do right" by them.

State-troopering is a useful way of life, and it offers security in the form of a goodly pension upon retirement, or disability pension in the event of injury. The salary is good, as such salaries go-but it is far, far from princely.

7 E have never been rolling. Many times we have been down to our last cent. But we've had the kids and, because of them, felt like the richest people in the world. That tangible sense of prospering is paradoxical but customary-ask the loving parents of any large, loving family. The adjective is used doubly, with intent and of necessity. The love is the foundation upon which all else is built. Or, better metaphor, it is the earth which nourishes the flourishing brood.

Most of our income goes for food, and after that for fuel and utility bills, for shoes and clothes for the kids. The million and one other items incidental to modern living get taken care of, more or less. To put it briefly, our largish family has thrived on a smallish income. It has been a wonderful life, and we wouldn't have missed it.

That silly old song about "Ain't We Got Fun?" runs through my head. "The rich get richer, and the poor get chil-dren-ain't we got fun!" Ain't we, though. But the song doesn't finish the theme. For the truth is that while, more often than not, it is the poor who get the most children, eventually they get richer, too-much richer than they would have been without them.

Not that anyone grows into the large family class as a money-making venture. No. But if each new baby is accepted for what it truly is, a glorious gift from God, it seems that God sends many other gifts along with each new baby. Gifts of the spirit and gifts of the earth.

Raising a family is at once a vocation and a practical, down-to-earth job.



NOELITA NIKKI MARIE MIMI TONI

PAT

Photographs by Dan Coleman .

Rearing a flock of ten children may keep the pocketbook empty by Josephine Torrell but it guarantees that hearts are full of love

The babies, each of them in turn, go through all the stages. For too short a time they are cuddly infants. And then, in rapid succession, there is the teether, the toddler, the mischievous preschooler, the important kindergartener, and so on up the line. In what seems a very short time they are looking for part-time jobs, and in what seems another very short time they are in training for some sort of life work. And Mother and Dad know that most likely in another short time there will be the marriages, and, if God is good, the grandchildren. But I am ahead of my story.

One of my friends down here on the Island— (Because year-round health and beauty are insured at minimum rates, we live on the Island—in fact, the house is nestled in between sand-dunes, and in a good northeaster the ocean rolls right up to the bulkhead)—has remarked more than once how well large families seem to get along. "Take my sister." she will say, "she looks younger than I do. She has thirteen children, and they never had much money, and her husband tipped the bottle—some, you know. But they always got along, and

the children were so nice with each other and helped each other so much. And now they're all grown up or growing up, and all getting along well—and the married ones come home, and they all have such fun together—"

CAN just see that miles-away sister, and how they all get along so well, because I know similar large families and how well they get along, and because we seem to get along so well, too.

For one thing, and perhaps this is the principal factor in their successlarge families usually seem to have such a firmly imbedded sense of family responsibility and sharing. The surprise gift of candy is shared; the housework is scheduled and shared-not, naturally, without a normal amount of grumbling. Who really loves housework in all its phases? The part-time jobbers earn money and turn over a goodly share to help with family expenses, and with the rest buy their own clothes and pay for their own amusements and social obligations. The pre-part-time jobbers during the summer rush double up on household chores, mind the small fry at

the beach, and in ways too numerous to mention, more than earn their keep.

The littlest ones have little chores as early as possible, to condition them for a life of good-natured sharing, and while still babies, do their share simply by being entertaining and lovable. Crabby, nervous little babies simply do not arrive in large, strenuous families. For their parents, this is an asset, in time, money, and health hardly to be estimated—so far-reaching are its results.

And there's the angle of labor. Everyone knows how much it costs to "get things done" these days, and a large family is a powerhouse of pooled labor. (When possible, small "gifts"—not pay—are given in return for special jobs—a movie ticket, new stockings, or some such.)

If the bedrooms need a new coat of paint, the kids can, and do, get busy and paint them. Michael and Pat, when only ten and eight, cleaned out a shocking amount of worn-out furniture and debris from the old rumpus room in the basement, painted the walls and floor, repainted some shabby bedroom furniture, and took the place over pridefully

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for their new bedroom-happy for the privacy and the independence of being away from the "little kids." They clean the room themselves and keep it in order, and it is one of the most orderly rooms in the house-allowing, of course, for the usual boy preference for hiprubber boots, fishing rods, over-sized calendars and such. And every time they look around at the fresh green walls, they have a warm sense of ownership and achievement-which they would not have had, had we turned over the room completely in readiness. This way, it is their room, in every respect. And each time I go in on a round of inspection, I get a new thrill, too, wordlessly thanking heaven for self-reliant, imaginative children.

They scramble up sloping roof and around eaves, come cold November, washing windows and hanging storm sashes; and in the spring it's off with the storm windows and on with the screens. Broken windows were always a constant headache, but now Mike knows how to replace a windowpanehe learned by watching one of the neighboring carpenters at work. And when my old washing machine gets balky or when anything goes wrong around the house, I call on Mike before telephoning for servicemen-because lots of times Mike knows what is wrong and how to fix it. Mike is now twelve. He hopes to be a priest, but right now he is the family repairman.

Below Mike comes Pat—a 1944 baby, then Jerry—1947, Christopher—1948, Mimi—1951, and Peter—1952. Jerry and Chris are referred to as the Gruesome Twosome, for the usual six- and eight-year reasons, but manage to provide us with many laughs between the trouble spots. Mimi is a dancing wisp and is already adept at the Charleston and at her older sisters' jitterbug routines. Peter, as the baby, is perfect in everyone's eyes; Peter thrives sweetly on everyone's love.

ABOVE Mike, is Marie Laure, in eighth grade, then Nikki, Toni, and Noelita. Nikki, now a sophomore, is taking a commercial course and can hardly wait to join the WAVES. Noelita won a complete nursing scholarship at one of Philadelphia's best hospitals, and Toni, a senior, will follow her into nurses' training next Fall.

Marie Laure is going to be a Sister

"unless I want to get married and
have a lot of children." The family
takes a dim view, having decided that
she wears no marks of early sanctity,
and, on the other hand, pity the poor

children she would teach. But outsiders consider her a veritable treasure, and Marie Laure, herself, has a firm grip on life. She excels at making popovers and minding the kids, but considers Saturdays (cleaning days during school season) the "horriblest" day of the week.

She tells me: "All the kids (in her class) think you're so pretty. (Bless their hearts!) I can't realize that you are forty—that's so old."

Mike, on the other hand, prefers me to stay in my proper niche—not too young and gay. When Pat thought to give me earrings for Christmas, Mike said, "But do you think you're the earring type?" Pat went ahead and got them anyhow—nice dangly ones. Mike said to me privately "They don't look too bad. But I don't suppose you'll want to wear those every day?"

Speaking of Christmas, perhaps a certain side of the feast day is indicative of this toward-greater-prosperity-for parents trend in good-sized families. Just as with each passing year I am newly relieved of certain tasks because the children, growing up, can take them over—so, each year, the Christmas piles

• There are obviously two educations. One should teach us how to make a living and the other how to live.—James Truslow Adams

for Mother and Daddy grow larger and more costly. The kids scrimp and save, and even use money given to themselves as gifts, to give something "really nice" -and as a result I find myself unwrapping nylon slips, cosmetics, and other such items I wouldn't think of buying for myself. This sometimes reminds me of other families I've known-once struggling to keep the wolf from the door, now with car after car in the drive, and the grown children plotting about a new television, and a trip to Florida for Mom and Pop, and, of course, an automatic washer for Mom-who no longer really needs one.

Lately Nick got a "new" car—a '46 Chevvy. The children were greatly relieved. They had been greatly worried over "how we can get him a new one." For years he drove a battered '37 Plymouth, and they considered it ran on sheer will power. "Daddy just makes it go!"

It didn't bother Daddy much-with ten kids, keeping up with the Joneses

is a forgotten chore. Papa (my father) has a rackety little Ford of the same year and state of health, and I drive a '37 Cadillac which came to us from my deceased godmother and is still in excellent running condition, though a glutton for gas. Marie Laure told me once, grinning, "The kids sometimes ask what kind of a car we have. And I say, 'Three—a Plymouth, a Ford, and a Cadillac.' And then they ask what year, And I walk away and pretend I don't hear them." We've had a lot of fun in and over our venerable cars.

But whether it's cars, or a new baby, or someone's birthday, or Christmas, or someone sick in the house, or a guest for the weekend, it's a family project. When I have a new baby, or during one of my infrequent bouts with grippe, there is a re-shifting of schedules and the house routine goes on. Somebody does the cooking, along with her usual work, someone does the laundry, along with hers, and so on down the line.

When Noelita went off to St. Agnes', Toni stepped into her shoes and everyone moved a step up. When Toni joins her, the ranks will close again, and so on. Meanwhile, as the younger ones come along to the part-time jobbing stage, the older ones will be available to give the family a helping hand, should it be needed. That, they feel, is what families are for.

SINCE we are a normal family, not all is always sweetness and light within the fold. Faces are made, shins are kicked, bitter recriminations often rend the air. "You horrible thing—I am never, never going to speak to you again!"—and so on, and worse.

"C'est la vie!", as my recently departed breadman used to say on the bad days he was always having. In the nature of things, these family fireworks are as inevitable, it would seem, as the changing tides and the turning of night into day. They are also as passing as today's cup cakes. Never is there a crisis but that all hands hold together, and woe to any man, woman, child, or beast who is unfair to any Torrell. Sometimes I have to be at pains to see that this clannishness is not carried too far and to remind them that true charity insists on charity for all-even that "mean Mrs. So-and-So who is always so cranky to the little

I look forward to the after-forty life. And to all the laughs. And to all the problems that are bound to come too. A large family conditions you to the sound idea, that "many worries are better than one." It conditions you, period.

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hysically, mentally, spiritually. And daim, upon the evidence of my own perience and that of countless others, onditions you economically as well. We have been greatly sustained by ar Faith and the beautiful concept of mily life it teaches. The Family Rony-usually said around 6:30 in the orning-starts the day off right. Whenver possible, daily Mass and Holy Comunion renew my strength and patience the hours ahead. And knowing that children receive Our Lord as often they can relieves me of many mamal anxieties concerning their future. Looking back, I can honestly say that ach new baby was a miracle for us, and hat family love encircled and was, in um, enriched by each new child. The merous hand of God has been conantly outstretched, and His gifts have een frequent, full of delight-many of hem as practical as today's bread.

Evenings are for the record-player and inter-bugging in the living room, groans are homework in the sun porch, the bys and the Lone Ranger blaring in he kitchen, the little ones freshly bathed and sleeping soundly in their bunks, teter in his blue night-dress—rattling his rib to work off his last ounce of engy. Sometimes Mother gets out her pewriter as the house winds up another full and interesting day.

TEN pairs of eyes to seek you out in the morning-these signify the beinning of another exciting day. And ey signify a lot of love, a lot of Heaven. So that you become anxious to ee at least one other pair of eyes. So hat you can't bear to think of an empty rib for a good many years yet. And ou are grateful for the fruitfulness of our marriage, for the security and zest hat come with rearing many children. Just this morning little Chris was alking about babies. Pete is his "spetial" baby, and he insists that the whole family remember that important fact. Mimi argued: "He's my special baby, too, aren't he?"

"Well," I said, wanting to keep everyone satisfied, "He's Chris' very special baby, and the next one will be your pecial baby. Okay?"

"Okay!" she laughed, clapping her

And, then, perhaps, Chris summed up this whole article for me. "When we get to the end (he meant after Mimi's special baby), can't we start over, and arretybody have another special baby? "Is much nicer with more people in the smile, Huh?" And he gave me the smile that only Chris can give.



THE SIGN POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Churching of Women

What is the significance of the ceremony known as "churching?" Can a mother apply for it who has lost her baby in childbirth?—T. M., CHICAGO, ILL.

The ceremony of churching is so called because it usually takes place in a church, as soon as convenient after child-birth. It is a sacramental whereby prayers of thanksgiving are offered to God and His blessing is invoked upon both mother and child. It is not, as some think, a ceremony of purification; nor is a woman forbidden to attend church prior to this ceremony. To receive this sacramental is not a matter of obligation but is beneficial and highly recommended. The ceremony reminds one of the spirit of joyful responsibility, recorded in the first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, in reference to the mothers-to-be, St. Elizabeth and her cousin Mary.

If mothers—and fathers—were to "catch the spirit" of the ceremony of churching, there would be less parental and juvenile delinquency. The following exhortation is a prelude to the sacramental. "According to a very laudable custom, you have come to request the blessing of the Church upon yourself and the child that has been committed to your care. While you return thanks to God for the many favors which He has bestowed upon you, at the same time consecrate yourself and your offspring fervently to His holy service.

"Be careful, both by word and example, to impress upon its youthful heart the principles of solid piety that you may correspond to the views of Divine Providence in placing it under your charge and may have the happiness of seeing your children attentive in their duties to God and zealous for their own eternal welfare. You hold a lighted candle in your hand, to signify the good works by which you should express your thanks to God for the benefits which He has bestowed upon you and (to signify) the pious example by which you should lead your children and all around you to the love and practice of virtue. Endeavor to enter into this disposition and to cultivate it all the days of your life that you may obtain and enjoy the blessings which I am now about to ask for you, in the name of Holy Church."

A mother may be given this blessing in any church, even in a hospital chapel, and prior to the child's baptism. Since this sacramental is for mother as well as child, it can be received by a mother whose baby died in childbirth, even though the child died unbaptized.

What to Do?

A Catholic girl, about to have a child by a divorced man, feels it would be a mistake to marry him to cover up her mistake. What should she do?—G. L., DETROIT, MICH.

Assuming that the man's marriage was valid, his civil divorce would not free him for remarriage to this Catholic girl. Aside from that angle, she does not love him, so there is no basis whatever for a legitimate or a happy marriage. Yes—in

every diocese there are homes which provide care for motions in such emergency circumstances. For further information, inquire from the Sisters at 2500 W. Grand Blvd., by troit.

Marital Separation

Does the Church permit the separation of married Catholic If so, for what reason?—J. L., AKRON, OHIO



Church Law states that "married persons at obliged to preserve the community of conjugalife, unless a fust cause excuses them from the obligation." (Canon 1128) The stability of the sacrament of matrimony not only forbid any attempt at divorce with a view to marriage; it also requires that a married couplive together as husband and wife, father and mother. Separation, especially for a considerable length of time, and regardless of whether

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action be taken by one party only or by mutual consent requires both a grave reason and the consent of the Ordinar of the diocese. Only in such an emergency that action must be taken without delay may that permission be temporarily presumed. Separation without sufficient reason or without due permission is gravely sinful.

Among the reasons recognized by the Church as sufficient for temporary or permanent separation are adultery, herest or schism, grave danger of a bodily or spiritual sort, refuse to have offspring baptized and reared as Catholics. In granting permission to separate, officials of the Church it this country must take into account also the civil laws of the various states.

Einstein the Failure

How come that a man of Einstein's intellectual stature di not believe in God? If there be a God, surely Einstein would have recognized such a Supreme Being!—R. S., CAN BRIDGE, MASS.

The nub of your argument against the existence of God is the fact that Einstein was a man of superior intelligence coupled with the fact that he did not recognize a Suprema Being, a personal God. Definitely, Einstein was an atheir and—still worse—an agnostic. An atheist does not believe it God. An agnostic pleads ignorance as to whether or not there be a God, plus his inability to find out. Suppose that a poll of outstanding scientists to compare the number of believers and unbelievers. To do so leaves Einstein a rather "lonesome Albert."

Aside from scholarly churchmen, such as St. Augustine of the fourth century, St. Thomas Aquinas of the thirteenth century, and Cardinal Newman of the nineteenth, we list the following Catholic scientists—only a few of many. Laernec, inventor of the stethoscope; in the sphere of electrical Volta and Ampere; Marconi of wireless-telegraphy fame Mendel, authority on heredity; Dwight, an anatomist; Gallerian Catholic C

vani, inventor of galvanized iron; De Lapparent, the geologist; in medicine, Linacre; in chemistry and bacteriology, Pasteur. Alexis Carrel, surgeon and biologist, was a profound believer.

A French writer gives us an interesting, impressive scorecard of believing and unbelieving scientists of the previous century. Of a total of 432, the religious convictions of 34 are unknown; there were 16 atheists, 15 agnostics; believers totaled 367. From the total of 432, he selects 150 as outstanding because of their pioneer contributions to science. Of the 150, the religious attitudes of 13 are uncertain; there were 5 atheists, 9 agnostics; believers numbered 123.

It has been well said that people can be classified as those who fear to lose God and those who fear to find Him. The Psalmist put his finger on the psychology of wishful thinking, when he declared: "The fool hath said in his heart: There is no God." (13:1) Many claim that there can be no such contradiction as an intelligent, convinced atheist, that the atheist is a victim of his own wishful thinking. In the Book of Wisdom we find a commonsensible indictment of the atheist and agnostic: "All men are vain in whom there is not the knowledge of God: and who, by the good things that are seen, could not understand Him that is; neither, by attending to the works, have acknowledged who was the Workman. By the greatness of the creature, the Creator may be seen." (13:1-10) The Apostle St. Paul considers the atheist and agnostic "inexcusable." (Romans 1:20)

As a youngster, Einstein was a devout Jew. As a teen-ager, he began to deteriorate, religiously, under the influence of irreligious literature. From that period onward, his education was unbalanced. A giant in the sphere of science, he became a pygmy in religion. Had he balanced his education properly, he could have echoed the words of Pasteur: "I believe as firmly as the Breton peasant; and if I had a little more knowledge, I would believe as firmly as the Breton peasant's wife." Considering first things first. Einstein died a failure. Why pattern your own life upon his tragic shortcomings?

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What will heaven be like? What bearing will personal merit have on our beatitude in heaven?—E. J. LOUISVILLE, KY.

No human being can answer your question adequately until he has experienced what heaven is like. God has revealed to us considerable information as to the heaven in prospect for His faithful, but the information is headlined rather than detailed. However, arguing from what we are divinely sure of, a good deal more stands to reason.

To find God lovable and enjoyable, we need only know Him well. "We see now through a glass, in a dark manner, but then face to face." (1 Cor. 13:12) Souls in heaven do not depend upon faith or hope. They understand thoroughly what we still have to believe. They possess—unlosably—the satisfying happiness we still have to hope for. We are to enjoy heaven in a way adapted to our human make-up—body and soul together. The resurrection of our Divine Saviour is more than a personal triumph for Him: it is a pattern and a guarantee of what is in store for us.

It is no exaggeration to say that heaven will be a gratifying and everlasting "surprise party," for we are assured by the Apostle St. Paul: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him!" (1 Cor. 2:9) Heaven will be of our own making, in the sense that our beatitude will be in precise ratio to our personal merit here and now. "He will render to every man according to his works." (Matt. 16:27) As you have implied, our minds and hearts need

the stimulus of information and encouragement. Without that stimulus there can be no timely enthusiasm. For worthwhile reading on our personal heaven, we cannot improve on God's own library. You will find what you seek on practically every page of the Old Testament and the New. You might also read "No Flaws," in "Sign Post," April, 1955. Write to the Paulist Press, 401 W. 59 St., New York 19, N. Y., for a copy of the pamphlet, Grace—Divine Vitamin of the Human Soul. The opening chapter is devoted to heaven under the caption: God's World of Tomorrow.

Daydreaming

Is it sinful for a married person to daydream?-M. L., PITTSBURGH, PA.

By a daydream or reverie we understand a more or less dreamy meditation, indulged in while awake, covering past, present, or future. Whether married or single, we should not daydream about anything sinful. Then, too, there is such a thing as habitual daydreaming, an overindulgence that tends to soften resistance when we have to come to grips with reality. Clear thinking and courage can be hampered also by overindulgence in fiction, whether by way of reading radio, movies, or TV.

Easter Duty

If a person doesn't fulfill his Easter duty during the time set for it, what should he do about it?-A. D., HOUSTON, TEXAS.



If he failed to attend to his Easter duty through neglect, the first thing to do is confess that grave sin, as well as any others, and then receive Holy Communion without further delay. He should not wait until the Paschal season of 1956. This year, the Paschal season—the time for the reception of Easter Holy Communion—began on February 27, the first Sunday of Lent, and expired on Trinity Sunday, June 5. It is the proper thing that

the Easter Communion be received in one's own parish church. In the fulfillment of this grave, annual obligation, a sacrilegious reception of Communion does not count.

Social Contacts

Why so much preaching against marrying outside the Church and against mixed marriages, when so many of our parishes do not provide social facilities for our young people?—A. R., TAMPA, FLA.

Mixed marriages are an evil that should be discouraged and that may be tolerated only when unavoidable, in order to obviate worse evils. As for the attempted marriage of a Catholic outside the Church, it is no marriage at all. Even though every Catholic parish in the world had the recreational facilities of an up-to-date casino, there would still be mixed marriages and attempted marriages outside the Church. Social facilities and contacts, even under Catholic auspices, are no cure-all for the weaknesses of human nature.

Our young people have opportunities to meet "their own kind," not only in social gatherings but elsewhere and otherwise. However, we agree with you that recreational facilities in a Catholic setting are decidedly helpful, especially for the young. Why not discuss this project with other parishioners, then broach it to your pastor? In doing so, it would be well to submit concrete and constructive suggestions and to volunteer well-organized co-operation. Retreading your letter, we recommend, too, that your tone be temperate.

July, 1955



Gabby was the first man to catch a baseball dropped from the Washington Monument. Above, he duplicates the feat during a World War II bond drive

THE

by RED SMITH

HARLES Evard Street was a plain, gracious, leathery gentleman of monumental sincerity who was called Gabby Street on the sports pages and addressed as "Sarge" by friends who were aware of his military service in World War I. If you knew nothing of his past, you needed only one glance at the gnarled and knobbly fingers of his right hand to identify him correctly as an old baseball catcher. As somebody remarked, shaking hands with Gabby Street was like clutching a fistful of hickory nuts.

A first-rate catcher in his youth, Gabby won renown as the battery mate of Walter Johnson in Washington. He was also celebrated as the first man who ever caught a baseball thrown from the top of the Washington Monument. Since relatively few big league games are pitched from the top of the obelisk, this accomplishment did little to improve the Senators' fortunes in the pennant race, but it did speak well for Gabby's judgment of distance and for his daring. A ball that has fallen 555 feet reaches earth with the impact of a grand piano, but Gabby got under it and held it.

When his playing days were ended, Gabby dropped out of sight for a while and the baseball public had just about forgotten him when he bobbed back as manager of the St, Louis Cardinals in 1930. By then he was known as "The Old Sergeant," though actually he was only forty-eight.

He seemed much older, with his weathered face and his kindly, tolerant wisdom. He had knocked around a great deal and his manner was that of one who had "see'd the elephant and hear'n the owl." He had a sententious turn of speech, a great fondness for maxims and proverbs.

"A quitter never wins and a winner never quits," he would say, explaining his decision to employ George Watkins regularly in the Cardinals' outfield, "and this Watkins is a winner."

There ought to be a special place in baseball history reserved for Gabby Street, for he was the first successful manager of the most turbulent and colorful team of our time. His team was the team of Frank Frisch and Pep-

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OLD SERGEANT

Shaking hands with Gabby Street was like clutching a fistful

of hickory nuts. His particular profession, you see, was catching baseballs thrown at him

per Martin, of Dizzy Dean and Bill Hallahan and Jimmy Wilson and Charley Gelbert. This was the fabled Gas House Gang of St. Louis, although that name wasn't coined until 1934 when Gabby had been succeeded as manager by Frisch.

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Before Gabby came along, Rogers Hornsby had led the Cardinals to the world championship of 1926. Bill Mc-Kechnie's 1928 team had topped the National League. Later Billy Southworth's teams won three consecutive pennants, but Southworth needed several years to make the grade. The first team Gabby Street ever managed won the pennant, and the next year his club won the World Series, too.

He had good players, of course, else they wouldn't have won, but that doesn't mean he had a soft job. His position as a rookie manager was roughly comparable with that of Clyde Beatty, the lion tamer, passing his business hours in a cageful of unfriendly carnivori with only a buggy whip and a kitchen chair as symbols of his author-

("Everybody's afraid of something," observed Frank Graham, the great sports writer, during an interview with Beatty. "People are afraid of work or mice or snakes or the dark or spiders or blondes. What are you afraid of?"

"Don't tell anybody," Beatty said, "but I'm afraid of them lions and tigers.")

Gabby Street wasn't afraid of the men he gave orders to, though perhaps he should have been. Nobody knows the troubles he saw!

There was the time in September, 1930, when he brought the Cardinals into Brooklyn to make a do-or-die battle for the pennant. The Dodgers were in first place, half a game ahead of St. Louis, and Gabby planned to use a big, broad-shouldered fast ball pitcher named Flint Rhem in the key game. When he looked around, there was no Rhem in sight.

Twenty-four hours later, Rhem came weaving back to the Alamac Hotel at 71st Street and Broadway, where the ful A Cardinals stayed in New York, Rhem had an explanation for his absence, and it was a honey. He'd been kidnapped by Brooklyn gangsters and forced at pistol point to swallow draught after slug of bootleg hooch until all sense of time and duty deserted him.

The story caused widespread consternation among people who thought they knew Brooklyn well, yet had never encountered anybody in the borough who even offered them a drink, let alone threatened them.

On the same night that Rhem met his moist fate, little Bill Hallahan got his right hand smashed in a taxicab door. Fortunately, he was a lefthanded pitcher. He worked in Rhem's place, battled Brooklyn's redoubtable Dazzy Vance through nine scoreless innings, and won in overtime, 1 to 0.

That put the Cardinals in first place, and they never lost their advantage. Somehow, in spite of everything, their manager preserved his sanity.

NOTHER night in another season, A Dizzy Dean took to brooding in his botel room in Philadelphia. After all these years, the cause of his discontent remains obscure-whether he felt he was being ill-used by the manager, whether he was lonesome for the bride he had left behind in St. Louis, whether he was merely impersonating an eccentric named Dizzy Dean.

Anyhow, he jumped the club one midnight and grabbed a train back to St. Louis. From a manager's point of view, that was bad enough, but what followed was not to be tolerated. Instead of letting Gabby dictate disciplinary measures, the brainbund in St. Louis decided Dizzy was just a poor, crazy, mixed-up kid and arranged to fly him back to the team by chartered plane as though he were a hero rushing serum to the North Pole.

The things Gabby said when advised of that decision couldn't be quoted now without bringing punitive measures from postal authorities. Had they been quoted then, Gabby would have been relieved of his portfolio when the first editions reached the streets.

These tales are told merely as examples of the sort of thing a manager has to contend with. In spite of all distractions, Gabby led the Cardinals to the pennant in 1930, and his team was favored to win handily in 1931. As a matter of fact, it did win handily, but there was a time early that season when it seemed the Cardinals never would get

Stumbling and fumbling through the West, they reached Pittsburgh, which had a second-division club in those days as it has now. Three days in a row, the Pirates thwacked St. Louis, hip and thigh. Gabby was beside himself.

His chief lieutenant and his roommate on the road was a plump, amiable coach named Buzzy Wares. Buzzy mourned when things went poorly, but he mourned only by day. When night fell, he slept.

Thus it came about that after three consecutive defeats, Gabby took to his bed in the Schenley Hotel in Pittsburgh. In the other bed Buzzy lay snoring peacefully. The manager switched off his bed lamp and sought repose. It

He got up and paced the floor. Buzzy snored on. Gabby filled a pipe and smoked it, reread the box scores in the paper he had brought upstairs, turned out the light and tried again. Shapeless, nameless fears crowded on him in the dark.

He turned on the light again, tried another pipeful. From the next bed came a snuffling, cadenced, revoltingly contented purring. Gabby glowered. Buzzy was well over on one side of his mattress, a large, rounded portion of his anatomy bulging over the edge.

Lips compressed, Gabby arose, slipped on his shoes. Taking careful aim, he fetched his room-mate a swift and accurate kick in the vulnerable area.

"Whuff! Whah!" Being booted out of the depths so abruptly must have been a shocking experience to Buzzy. "Wha -wha-whassamatter, Sarge?"

"What in tarnation do you mean?" Gabby howled. "Snoring-with conditions the way they are!"

That's all there is to the story. Nobody's got a right to snore during a losing streak. The tale is told in order that you may appreciate what a heavy cross the baseball manager must bear. It helps explain why some of them act like heels sometimes. Of course, some of them are just plain heels, anyway.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

The Russian Rite

TO WRITE A PAGE with the topic I am going to write on and do it a month or more before printing has its hazards these days. Either war or peace or both together could

make its phrases obsolete by then.

What gets the lone woman who pens this futile set of remarks on peace is how any sane group of men can hope to get peace out of such infamy as we see in Russia. If the foundation of a house is what counts, this structure looks shaky already. Peace be unto you, they say-and shoot up a few of our planes. Peace to you-and they still hold our war prisoners. Peace to you-and a half million Catholics flee their homes to escape this offered peace. Hungary, Poland, and the rest-where will this meeting of heads of states leave them when it is over? Looking hungrily through bars-hungry for food, hungry for freedom or even hope. I am no devotee of the noisy Bevan or the suave Eden, but out of it all my wholly unstatesmanlike mind has come to one conclusion: we don't really understand the mind of Europe nor its statemen and I'm afraid they don't understand ours either. But what makes me nervous is when our statesmen begin to sound like theirs.

The picture of statesmen meeting again and talking again to a country which so far has kept two out of fifty-two agreements (one, the coming into the war against Japan; the other permission to use Berlin air corridors) and has broken fifty (among them pledges of free elections to Hungary and Poland, support of China National government, freedom for Korea, repatriation of prisoners) somehow does not give me a great feeling of confidence, even when the present head writes nice letters to our President saying we must get together and have a cup of neighborly tea. I want to

know what the tea is made of.

"Preventive" war— "preventive peace"—never have we had such wonderful slogans, but the result is that Russia takes one more big bite out of the apple—and the core is beginning to show.

Moral Force

NO ONE HAS ASKED my advice nor is anyone going to, but here it comes anyway, and I am one of several millions of women most of whom can vote and so share in the responsibility for what happens. It is clear that neither a hot war nor a cold war is going to do anything for us, at least permanently. The debatable bomb will do something: cold war if they don't, hot war if they do. But if that is an answer for statesmen it is not for me, for when the statesmen get through, the rest of us will have the life to live or the death to die.

Recently a voice has spoken that warmed the cockles of this heart and I hope of many others. It comes from a man who is head of R.C.A., a brigadier general on Eisenhower's staff and a Jew who practices his faith. David Sarnoff's plan for peace is for the effective use of moral force and an conlightened public opinion to win the people of the lands behind the iron curtain. In our hearts we know this is the only way to peace—to make people strong with moral conviction and moral power. But we cannot have divided opin-

ions on this. We would have to stand together. And surch if any can do this it is people whose faith is built on the great Hebrew prophets and law givers and on the great Christian moral teachers. Many of them went down to personal defeat at the hands of the selfish and tyrannical, but their laws and their moral science live and are our guides for God was their guide.

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The Sense of Guilt

I THINK THAT many Americans have felt a sense of guilt ever since the bombs were dropped on Japan. It is a feeling often inarticulate, hardly understood, but there is a feeling in many of us that this was not our way to act, and many of

us would like to forget it ever happened.

There is today a motion picture of Hiroshima and it destruction. It is not a pleasant thing to see. It is the sor of thing, only visual, that We of Nagasaki told. Perhaps one of the most affecting things in that book is of the memorial day when for each of the Catholics killed by the bomb a Mass was to be said and a surviving relative was to carry a cross for each victim. Only some people had to carry five or more, being the only family members left.

The great impersonal epic can be read without pain; the small personal story is hard to listen to. Many would go without Christmas cheer, but let a newspaper highlight a few families and gifts pour in. We are that kind of people.

In a review of the movie the reviewer says, "There is no explanation of any reason for reviving the nightmare memories of that ordeal by horror. Any applicate it gets must be conveyed by shudders." Well, that is all right too: the more we Americans shudder about that holocaust of the innocent the better for us all and the future of our children.

There is a fine new novel, also of the shuddering type, this of the death of a young scientist in a nuclear, chain-reaction accident. One of its theses is that scientists have been unwillingly forced into using this great atomic force for war instead of science and industry. "We hurry on to the next headline," says a reviewer, "refusing to listen to the large moral questions, much less to answer them."

This reviewer is a very good writer, a fine citizen, and also, I am told, a man who left his Church some years ago. He reviews another novel in the same article, evidently a harmless novel, and he says the author can be serious and funny and then quotes this as an example of his humor. "In their big ugly house in the suburbs, the prince, the princess, their two little boys, their two little girls, and the pink-cheeked Austrian maid were on their knees." Then he adds that this author will be entertaining us for years. What is funny about that quotation I don't know, but, like Queen Victoria, I am not amused. Except a little by the reviewer, who perhaps has a little guilt complex of his own regarding his abandoned faith. Abandonment to God is a great solution. Abandonment of God is hard to bear and must sometimes be shrugged off with a jest.

There are so many people to pray for today. Pray then for the great woes of the world's people, pray for the statesmen everywhere, those of good will and those of evil intent—and pray too for a man who once knelt to pray and now finds

something humorous in the act.

BOOKS

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By Catherine Gaskin. Lippincott.

448 pages. \$3.95

Unlike the American continent which was settled in the main by free men, Australia, especially around the area of Sydney in New South Wales, was settled by a few free men with the forced aid of transported prisoners.



C. Gaskin

With no hope for freedom until their term of servitude had expired, these men and women prisoners were the workers of the soil, the clearers of the bush, and the builders of the towns. Often transported for trivial offenses, sometimes for political dissidence, they represented a varied type of humanity.

Sara Dane is the account of one woman prisoner, lovely blonde daughter of a schoolmaster, who married an ambitious free settler, more than matching him in common sense and business is no acumen. But her beauty and charm do memnot win for Sara the place in local government society coveted for her by her husband until, by vast accumulations of wealth and land, he maneuvers her acceptance. Many events of the type usually associated with the historical romance are here: illegal rum trading, flight from bands of rebelling convicts, and, of course, a series of amorous conquests by Sara (all happily honorable). o the

Broadly based on the life of a real woman who contributed to the progress of New South Wales' settlement in the late eighteenth century, here is historical fiction in typical narrative form, with enough adventure for one person's life-

ADELAIDE GARVIN.

THE TWELVE PICTURES

By Edith Simon. 365 pages. Putnam. \$3.95

The marriage of legend and adroit legerdemain with historical data here produces a tale to pique the memory of scholar and layman alike. How much men is fact and how much fiction is involved in the Nibelungenlied-the saga of Siegfried the Golden and the pagan Queen Brunhilde-has been debated for centuries. Its outlines have turned

up as the basis of countless vehicles. Now Miss Simon broaches a new interpretation of the might-have-been, with truth and tradition so interlocked as to challenge the cynic.

This is the twilight realm between barbarism and Christianity, where 400 years after Calvary at the Volsung court in the Lowland the ghost of the old gods still had not been completely laid. Here Siegfried, the fearless dragon slayer, conqueror of Nebelland, and very epitome of valor, brought his young bride, the fair Burgundian princess Kriemhild, and thus unwittingly set the stage for a grisly drama.

The author presents the action as a series of twelve pictures woven in defiance of their fate by the Queen Mother Uta and Brunhilde. In towering, often philosophic prose the tragic epic lives again: of Brunhilde's infatuation for Siegfried; of his treacherous murder by Hagen the One-Eved; of Kriemhild's consuming grief and avowed vengeance, her union with the Hun King Attila-truly called the Scourge of God-as a cunning step toward retaliation, and finally her engineering of the carnage that satisfied the score. It is a relentless sort of story, emotions all being experienced with overwhelming ferocity.

Unquestionably Miss Simon takes you right there, back to the fifth century scene, to witness an exhibition of savagery against civilization. It is a trip to make even brave hearts cower and one which the unfortified traveler might better forego.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI.

WE SHALL MARCH AGAIN

By Gerhard Kramer. Putnam.

374 pages. \$3.75

If life and time were not lost and an Eastern Korean conflict had not blurred American reaction to the European front against Germany in World War II, this book about German soldiers might well rank with



G. Kramer

All Quiet on the Western Front. It will not; it has come too late. No one cares very much any more. Too many books about war have blunted our sensibilities.

Yet Kramer has a tremendous story to tell and he tells it with a mordant objective skill that no American writer of the past war has achieved. Reading his story is not so much like seeing the reverse side of a coin as it is seeing backhanded writing coming clear in a mirror.

It is an involved story, in a way, that Mr. Kramer tells; and there is much about it that is as Germanic in Army terms and conditions as in our own instance Mailer's The Naked and the Dead holds strangeness outside our own American idiom. But Kramer tells so well and with such wry humor the story no American writer has yet dared to tell, that the civilian-made-military remains a civilian at heart.

This was Germany, of course, and Mr. Kramer has a story to tell. The story is that not only were Germans not the bestial creatures propaganda told us of; but so very, very human beings, men with virtues, men with faults, even as you and I.

I know nothing about Mr. Kramer; but in this tremendously powerful book, far greater in its picture of plain German men conscripted unwillingly to war than any novel I have known of equally unhappy draftees, the one really shining, whole-souled character is an intelligent Catholic youth whose Faith helps him to face life or death with equal equanimity. An unevenly written book of possible greatness-if it had not been written so late.

DORAN HURLEY.

THE UNHURRYING CHASE

By H. F. M. Prescott. Macmillan.

287 pages. \$3.50

The Unhurrying Chase, first published in 1925 and now reissued in response to the enthusiasm with which The Man on a Donkey was greeted, is a historical novel set against the background of twelfth-



H.F.M. Prescott

century France. It is the story of Yves of Rifaucon, who, having had his land wrested from him, becomes a strolling jongleur. Violence, murder, degradation, suffering, imprisonment, and almost unbelievable cruelty follow in their turn, but no matter how low



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Yves falls, he is never wholly lost—a step halts beside him; a girl breaks away from his grasp; Christ looks down at him from a wayside cross, and he sees that he can never escape His pursuit. When Richard the Lionhearted, who holds his land unjustly, offers to make restitution, Yves refuses, he hardly knows why, but all these years he has been saying in essence, here is what I am; here is what I have become through you. Now that is no longer possible. He had tried to find shelter in love, drabbing, adventure, song—but there is no shelter save in God.

The story is written with great beauty; every incident perfectly conceived and executed, and nature described as part of the characters' consciousness. Men fighting for their lives, hunting down their prey, torturing, burning, murdering; men sprawling about the great hall listening to a jongleur's songs and making love when the air is laden with the scent of hawthorn, men waiting, watching, prayingthey all come to life through the author's art. Though not as great as The Man on a Donkey, this novel is great in its own way and deserves a wide audience.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

NEW WINGS FOR A WARRIOR

By Russell Braddon. 238 pages. Rinehart. \$3.50

By now, most of us are all too familiar with the young man who goes into a war straight from school or college, serves well, and wins promotions, only to come back spiritually disorganized and unfit for normal employment. No doubt disorganization is unavoidable; the problem is to bring order out of confusion. Here is the triumphant story of an English war hero who has achieved that very thing and is clearly on his way to something like sainthood.

Group-Captain Leonard Cheshire, an RAF aviator with a VC and other decorations, was one of the British observers over Nagasaki when the second A-bomb exploded. The horrible mushroom shook him out of his confidence. After the war he moved restlessly from project to project, and found at last that he had a talent for nursing. While looking after a Catholic friend, he became interested in the Church. He received baptism in 1948 and is now famous and beloved as the founder of the Cheshire Homes, a group of institutions midway between hospitals and hotels, where the moderately sick can live peacefully and creatively with the best care.

Cheshire's own health is breaking down, but his zeal and charity seem to have no limit. The book, written by an admiring skeptic, does not really penetrate the heart of his secret, but it conveys a genuine sense of holiness. This is plainest in the mad celestial logic of minor incidents. Before even the Homes were founded, somebody asked Cheshire (for no good reason) to look after a crotchety old invalid lady. What a request to make of an unmarried bomber pilot! But he simply went ahead and did it. Apparently he is like that. So are the saints.

GEOFFREY ASHE

TEMPESTUOUS JOURNEY

By Frank Owen. McGraw-Hill. 784 pages

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David Lloyd George is remembered chiefly as the British Prime Minister during World War I, and as a syndicated political columnist after it. Frank Owen's huge and doubtless final biography may therefore cause some suprise, with its picture of an achievement spreading far beyond the military and journalistic. Pioneer "Welfare State" legislation, Irish Home Rule, plans for a British New Deal resembling Roose velt's-the enterprises of the Welsh cottager's son were almost Napoleonia in their size and variety. Yet the trailed off in a long twilight. Lloyd George wandered out of public affairs still acclaimed as the architect of victor and reform, still fabulously paid for his writings, still personally successful at every election-yet never able t make a political comeback, or even quite to shake off the rumors of corruption first aired by Cecil Chesterton.

It is interesting to have him in focus once again, and also interesting to notice how he got on during his Premiership with the man who was to fill the same post in the second war-Winston Churchill. Both were brilliam rebels against machine politics, and the tried hard to co-operate, but they never could. For years Churchill nursed a project for a new party under their auspices. It would probably not have flourished. Still, that party remains a fascinating historical "If."

Which of them was really greater at War Prime Minister, it is pointless to argue. Churchill was the finer speaker, the more heroic figure. But he had no serious opposition. The story of Lloyd George's leadership from 1916 onward, not only against the Germans but against heart-breaking intrigues on the home front, is a record of amazing courage and skill and well worth any reader's attention.

GEOFFREY ASHE

THE THIRD DOOR

By Ellen Tarry. McKay. 304 pages \$3.50

The sub-title of this book, *The Auto-biography of an American Negro*, is deceptively simple. This particular Negro happens to be a Southern-born.

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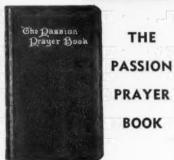


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fair-haired, light-skinned woman who could easily have passed for white and so have avoided the humiliations and heartaches that plague her race. These circumstances reveal the complexities of a question which we tend to oversimplify by applying to it the term "Negro problem." Ellen Tarry chose not to 'pass" and this added to her struggles many things which the dark-skinned Negro not only never knows but sometimes fails to understand. Her courage and her faith are truly inspirational, all the more so for occasional wavering in the face of the white man's myth. She is no Pollyanna. There is something thrilling in the way this woman comes close to defeat, in the frequent bursts of outraged dignity that she admits she feels on occasions when she or her people are treated like something less than human. These are the things that make the book vital, alive with warmth and a human spark.

An early convert to Catholicism, Ellen Tarry, in addition to teaching and writing everything from blistering editorials to stories for children, became a Friendship House worker and under the direction of Catherine de Hueck founded the Chicago House.

In and out of these fascinating pages pass some of the most interesting people of our times, Eddie Doherty and Catherine de Hueck, Claude McKay, James Weldon Johnson, and Richard Wright with their hopes for the future of their race, hopes which Ellen Tarry sums up in her vision of a third door where there will be neither a door marked white nor a door marked colored but only "the third door-free from racial designations-through which all Americans, all of God's children, will walk in peace and dignity."

FORTUNATA CALIRI.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE CROSS

By Hilda C. Graef. Newman.

234 pages. \$3.50

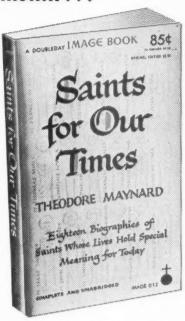
Devotion, intelligence, and a sound theological foundation have gone into this new study of Edith Steinthe German woman who, while our own contemporary, became heroine of a drama keyed to epic heights.



Hilda C. Graef

She was a deeply learned student of philosophy and a convert to the Church from Judaism. When she entered the religious life it was by the sacrificial way of Carmel, and she was destined to die as one of Hitler's victims in the gas chamber of Auschwitz. It would be easy to melodramatize such a story, but no one was ever less melodramatic than Edith Stein. Through reason, study, and

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grace she found her way to the Catholic Church; after which it seemed to h obvious that Faith must penetrate h whole existence. In her early years as convert there seemed something almost stoical about her uncompromising n serve and austerity. But after the Fraulein Doktor became the hidden Sister Teresa Benedicta of the Cross sh developed not only humility but an extraordinary power of human sympath with-as the author puts it-the virtue of the mother added to those of th virgin. Edith Stein was such stuff a martyrs are made of: and if, through life's irony, martyrdom came through her Jewish blood rather than her Chris tian convictions, it must still have carried the merit of her conscious sellimmolation to the cause of "true peace" on earth

KATHERINE BRÉGY

SOMETHING OF VALUE

By Robert Ruark. Doubleday.

566 pages \$5.0

Kenya, it appears, has caught the fancy of the novelists. Nationally known newspaper columnist Robert Ruark is no exception. In this, his first novel, he has turned to Africa and dipping deep into its legend and lore has



Robert Ruark

produced a first rate narrative which is bound to be received with enthusiasm by the English reading public.

As one might expect, the current problems of Africa are brought squarely into focus. There is, of course, the Mau Mau and tension between the races. But what particularly commends this book is the massive attempt of the author to provide as full an understand ing of the problems as possible. To do so, he turns to the past and provides historical treatment to Kenya's prob lems.

Employing a familiar device, Mr. Ruark has selected a family-the Me Kenzie clan-and by tracing the impact of Africa on several generations of that family manages to bring many facets of life into his narrative. Conversely his treatment of a native family close to the McKenzies results in a monumental probing into the effects of civilization on the Africans themselves.

Mr. Ruark does not spare the senses with his lush pen. There is much to appeal to the lover of virgin soil and untouched beauty. Between the covers of this book, Mr. Ruark has captured Africa and its peoples. His three years of research have borne generous fruit. As the title suggests, Mr. Ruark ha demonstrated beyond contradiction the the imposition of the mores and manners of one civilization upon the other may

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very likely bring about the death of both. But the battle for the life of both as it is being fought today in Africa is by no means completed. Mr. Ruark has given us a frightening idea of what that outcome is likely to be.

FRANCIS X. GALLAGHER.

THE NIGHT OF TIME

By René Fülöp-Miller, 338 pages. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.75

The Night of Time is a novel of solemn intent. Handicapped by a mediocre talent for story-telling, Fülöp-Miller tries to operate on two fictional levels; on one he portrays the miseries of modern warfare, on the other,



R. Fülöp-Miller

the miseries common to all wars. The locale is the Ukraine, with place names written in what is apparently Hungarian. So unless the reader is used to reaching for an atlas instead of a sweet with his novels, he may well think at the beginning he has picked up a book on outer space. However, once oriented geographically (with precious little help from the author) he can follow, if he cares to, the sufferings of the soldiergravedigger hero whom his insensitive messmates call Fatty.

The book deals with the hideous conditions of an army in extremis-inactivity, slaughter, starvation, thirst. It closes on an apocalyptic note, with the veterans of the Punic and Tartar Wars, the Spanish Revolution, etc., hailing Fatty over the mists of time.

In fact, with a cadaver as a commandant and the gruesomest of noncoms and privates about him, our hero is truly Sad Sack whelmed in Slavic gloom.

Except as a memory book for veterans of the Eastern European conflicts who are in the market for nightmares-a definitely specialized public-it seems that Fülöp-Miller's grandiose try has come up a reductio ad absurdum.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

ADMIRAL AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA

By William H. Standley & Arthur A. Ageton. 533 pages. \$6.00 Regnery.

Admiral Standley had already given a lifetime of distinguished service to his country in the United States Navy when he was called to become Ambassador to the Soviet Union in 1942. He found, however, that the latter appointment was in many ways to be the most difficult and frustrating of his career.

In a frank and straightforward, if not ■ Name impeccable, style, the authors tell of the countless annoyances and pitfalls en-



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countered in dealing with Soviet officials. They tell also of the Ambassador's problems with various American dignitaries who visited Moscow during his term there. Most of these "VIP's" receive sharp criticism in the Standley account. The late Wendell Willkie, for example, gets particularly harsh comment. Nor are friends or followers of "Captain Eddie" Rickenbacker, Joseph E. Davies, or, to a lesser extent, Averell Harriman likely to be pleased with the Admiral's remarks concerning these gentlemen. One wonders, indeed, if wounded dignity on the Ambassador's part may not have contributed somewhat to the difficulties which these visits caused.

Few American officials in the Soviet Union have taken as much trouble to observe the Russian people as did Admiral Standley, His contacts with the peasants and workers are valuable reminders that not all Russians are diabolical Communists, but that many are puzzled and helpless humans victimized by a system which keeps them ignorant of the outside world.

Admiral Ambassador to Russia has so many excellent qualities to recommend it that it is a pity that it is marred occasionally by that retrospective or "ex post facto" view of the past that is characteristic of much current historical writing. At least, however. Admiral Standley admits that his present views are not always those which he held twelve years ago. He is an honorable man who has collaborated in an honest

H. L. ROFINOT.

NEGLECTED SAINTS

By E. I. Watkin. Sheed & Ward.

241 pages. \$3.50

In this book, E. I. Watkin, the brilliant English Catholic, reminds us that "No saint can realize sufficiently the possibilities of human holiness. It is not enough to know one or two or even a few saints. We



E. I. Watkin

must have a wide acquaintance with them." The author's modest aim is "but to paint, if I can, a true and life-like picture."

Of the eight sketches, the better known names are St. Martin of Tours, St. Bruno, founder of the Carthusians. St. Hugh of Lincoln, and St. Thomas of Villaneuva. The other less familiar names are Blessed John of Montmirail, Blessed Jordan of Saxony (grouped with Blessed Diana D'Andalo), Blessed Osanna of Mantua, and Blessed Antony Grassi

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serve as an admirable guide for hagingraphers, Mr. Watkin's ideal is "judicious election or presentation of the evidence. not to support a thesis or to fit a preconceived notion of holiness" but simply to portray the saints as they were seen to be by those who knew them. He reminds us in another place that "sanctity is not infallible nor even perfectly consistent." The great diversity of the human material from which God molds His saints is strikingly illustrated. Mr. Watkin is adept at pointing up the contrasts and summing up the essential characteristics of his subjects. Because the available documentation on St. Hugh of Lincoln is more extensive, the portrait of this intrepid saint is singularly alive and appealing.

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Contemporary international politics does not respect the traditional dichotomy between diplomacy and war. There is now a shadowy middle ground—the "cold war" or "competitive coexistence." Nations no longer confine their relations to intergovernmental contacts but are extensively cultivating and subverting each other's societies and cultures. Accordingly, political warfare—that indefinable combination of public relations, economic pressures, cultural barrages, and cloak-and-dagger activities—occupies a central place in foreign relations.

John Scott of Time magazine here discusses many techniques employed by the United States and the Soviet Union to subvert each other and to attract Africa's and Asia's uncommitted nations. Diplomacy, economic pressures, information programs, and intelligence activities, as well as sabotage, deliberate planting of misinformation, guerrilla tactics, and instigation of revolts are described and illustrated. Furthermore, he makes several imaginative recommendations for American strategists based upon the premises of clearer definitions of American foreign policy aims, better utilization of such symbol-terms as "peace" and "disarmament," and greater readiness to take advantage of such situations as the 1953 East German uprising to embarrass Soviet leadership.

Much of Scott's material is interesting, especially his reports on North Africa and East Germany. However, the book's loose organization and its flat style make it something less than a literary masterpiece. In fact, its publication has done little to displace the need for a good layman's treatment of this subject.

EDWARD R. O'CONNOR.

SHORT NOTICES

THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST. By Friedrich Jürgensmeier. 379 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$5.00. This is one of those volumes that might be tagged with that much abused adjective "definitive." Although it is not likely that there ever will be a definitive book on such an exhaustless subject, the author has gone far in that direction. Harriet Strauss was led to embrace Catholicism and subsequently to make this fine translation from the German through her reading of Father Jürgensmeier's doctoral dissertation, The Teaching of the Mystical Body of Christ as Fundamental Principle of Asceticism. This theme is the core of the present volume. From the depth and scope of the treatment we can well believe that the author made it a life-study.

GOD'S MEN OF COLOR. By Albert S. Foley, S.J. 322 pages. Farrar, Straus. \$4.50. Father Foley sketches the contribution of Negro priests in the United States during the last one hundred years. He emphasizes their achievements, leaving the struggles and obstacles for some other biographer to relate. Among the seventy-two Negro priests are pastors, missionaries, superiors, diocesan officers, rectors, college presidents, bishops. Most of them came from poor, even slave, families and most of them represent religious orders. It is regrettable that the story of the Negro in the Church must be "segregated" in order to be recognized, but if the past one hundred years are any measure, it will not be too much longer before the prediction of Archbishop Cushing in the Foreword comes true: ... that the group to which God's Men of Color belong will never again be excluded from the Mystical Body of Christ by human selfishness and intolerance.'

THE SILENT CHURCH. By Gussoni and Brunello. 391 pages. Veritas. \$5.00. Political strategists cannot fail to notice that atheist Communism's first move after seizing political control of a country is to proceed to the extermination of the Catholic Church. This is the first step in its formula for consolidation of power, Other religions fall in line, as the Eastern Orthodox Church has. Or leaders break ranks and tend to confuse and disorganize their membership as certain Protestant Churchmen have in Eastern Germany. The pattern of this persecution is of interest to any student of political cataclysms. It has an added, though saddening, interest for Catholics. This volume traces the martyrdom of the Church in the Soviet-bloc empire. Beginning with the October Revolution,

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ESSAYS IN CHRISTIAN UNITY. By Henry St. John, O. P. 144 pages. Newman, \$3.00. Father St. John probes the Church's stake in the ecumenical movements of our time with superb clarity, a striking sense of proportion and a fine theological sense. He brings to these essays, also, a warm understanding that reflects his own involvement in the problem, first as a convert from Anglo-Catholicism and then as a close student of the movement for the past quarter century. The history of the work for reunion, the defined limits of Catholic activity, but especially the spirit which must animate the Catholics involved, each receive a full if not exhaustive treatment. Father St. John wrote these essays over the past twentyfive years, as occasion offered itself. As a result the book suffers from some disunity and repetition, which, however, cannot take from its value.

YOU TOO CAN WIN SOULS. By John A. O'Brien. 240 pages. Macmillan, \$3.50. Father O'Brien proves his challenging title in a friendly, totally readable volume that may be his most effective effort so far. What others have done, he argues, you not only can do but must do. He builds his case on the record of three hundred laymen who have made converts. Their success, when analyzed, shows they used principally eight basic techniques which Father O'Brien treats in as many chapters. He discusses as well the whole problem of convert-making by the laity in introductory and concluding sections. One of the best chapters is his demonstration of what the teen-ager can do. Individuals will find the book interesting as well as valuable, and discussion clubs might well take it as a handbook.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND YOU. By William J. Grace, S.J. 246 pages. Bruce. \$1.90. Convert instructors, cradle Catholics, and converts will bless Father Grace for the grand job he has done presenting the basic doctrines of the Catholic Church in a popular style. A convert instructor himself, the author is sharing the results of nine years of experience which was instrumental in bringing 1,300 converts into the Church.

He explains Catholic doctrines clearly and presents Catholic practices appealingly. He is constantly making practical suggestions that will enable the convert to adjust himself to his new Faith.

A complete index makes the book a valuable reference work for that oft-repeated question: "What is the Catholic position on this point?"

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(Continued from page 19)

times more, living in them, things did get a bit crowded. Then too, living with other people, it's not like having your

"This place," and Rose's eyes roam happily from the tasteful eighteenth-century sofa to the big wedding picture of herself and Pete over the new TV console. "This place," she repeats. "It isn't so all-fired special, but it's ours. We've bought every stick of furniture, piece by piece. Right now, we're paying for the living-room rug. After that's paid for, well . . . who knows! Maybe a home of our own."

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Every year about one-sixth of the people in the Newark projects move out. Most of them move into better quarters. Nineteen per cent of them purchase homes of their own.

Only two groups of people are likely to look upon their project apartments as home for keeps. Some older people do, for obvious reasons. They must live on social security or on that plus incomes which were earned in less inflationary times and which today's high prices have knocked galley-west. For them, very often, the only alternative to public housing is a lonely bedroom in some dismal substandard boarding house.

The other group consists of the handicapped-seriously disabled veterans, for example-whose disabilities impose a limitation on their income.

O these people, the aged and the permanently handicapped, the public housing project is often a haven. But to far more people, and especially to the young couples with just-started families, it is what Father Finnegan has called "a sort of half-way house between the substandard dwelling and the privately owned home."

Father Finnegan came on the board of the Newark Housing Authority in 1950. The following year he was elected chairman, a post he has held since. He became interested in public housing in 1946 while making his first census as a

"Going from tenement to tenement in the run-down sections of my own parish," he recalls, "I couldn't help noticing what a dire threat to good home life dreary surroundings can be.

"After all," he continues, "housing is not only a matter of providing shelter for individuals. It is the business of providing a decent environment for the home. Good housing in itself does not create a satisfactory home, but there are few individuals capable of creating a good home in a wretched dwelling.

"Poor housing makes it easy for a home to fail and difficult for it to succeed. In good housing, regarded not as mere brick and mortar but as the proper environment for the home, every American and certainly every Catholic has a substantial stake.'

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Here at last—the all-new 1955 POWERHOUSE binoculars that took 18 months to engineer! Never before was it possible to offer such a powerful, quality binocular for so little money. The POWERHOUSE is not 4...5...7...but 16 TIMES area magnification. Thoresen—world's greatest importer of German binoculars—brings it to you DIRECT for only 4.98.

Triumph of German Optical Industry

Made in West Germany—world's greatest optical manufacturers. German know-how and superb workmanship are reflected in the many new features of famous, nationally devertised POWERHOUSE. Much more powerful than last year's model, the NEW POWERHOUSE has greater structural strength without tiring weight. Strong, light aluminum combined with other high-impact materials for "battleship" construction. Weighs only 10 ozs. Aluminum draw-tubes & centerpost for smoother, faster focusing! 25 positions give you super sharp viewing! Swirling pivot folds to your eye width!

Precision Ground Lenses

New, extra-power lenses are crowning achievement of 100 year old firm. So different from

moulded plastic! Each one GROUND to high tolerances. This takes much longer, costs 20 to 30 times more! Each objective lense has genuine INTERIOR FLUORIDE COATING—same feature as \$200 binoculars. All these new improvements give you CRYSTAL CLEAR VIEW-ING and high luminosity even in MOONLIGHT! Were you to spend \$25 we could not give you better quality lenses! This miracle value is made possible by the magic of the American dollar and Thoresen's volume purchasing power.

Seeing Is Believing!

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THORESEN'S, Dept. 39-G-6

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THE NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

invites you to enjoy without risk a delightful new family hobby (see FREE offer below)



This revolutionary new program, sponsored by the National Anduton Society, has captured the imagination of thousands of American families, Now you and your children can discover the wonders of Nature, with the help of wise and friendly naturalists. The FREE Gift described below (Value \$2.00) is offered to you—without obligation to demonstrate how much pleasure and knowledge you can enjoy with this thrilling plan.

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Through the magic eye of magnificent color photographs—and fact-filled albums in which to mount bums in which to moon them—you journey each mouth "into the field" or a fascinating quest after Na-ture's secrets. You see how Nature "protects her own" with camoullage ... leara with camouflage . . . learn the strange, almost unbe-

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own back yard or park!

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weather gets colder, and he starts to change color! When the ground is covered with





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THE AUDUBON NATURE PROGRAM Dept. TS-7, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me FREE the CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE series including 30 natural color prints, and a 7500-word informative album to mount them in. I understand that you plan to issue a new Nature series each month in cooperation with the National Audubon Society, for only \$1.00 each plus a small charge for shipping. You will immediately send me, without any charge, a handsome maroon and gold endor case for my albums. After examining my FREE set, I'll notify you if I do not wish any others. I may cancel my subscription at any time I wish without any further obligation.

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